JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 12, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1378.

THE GHOSTS OF ZERO HOUR SEE PAGES 22 & 23

JOHN BULL

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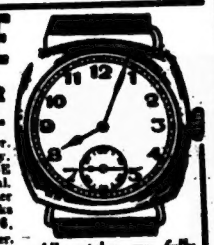

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A. Covers actual Rupture Opening.
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For MEN and WOMEN

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THE WORLD'S BEST RUG WOOLS CUT INTO SHORT LENGTHS READY FOR USE
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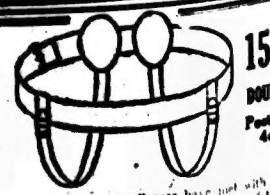

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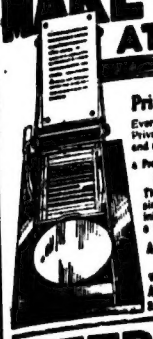

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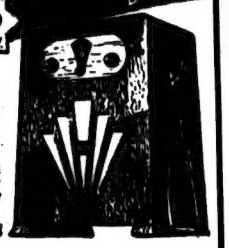

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Be sure and mention "Incompetable" when ordering.

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Overall length 15 *inches*

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"I am quite sure that all who are interested in the Christian enterprise are only too glad to know of any fresh development in the sale of the book which is the world's best seller and contains the Message that alone can satisfy the deepest needs of men. May every success attend your efforts."

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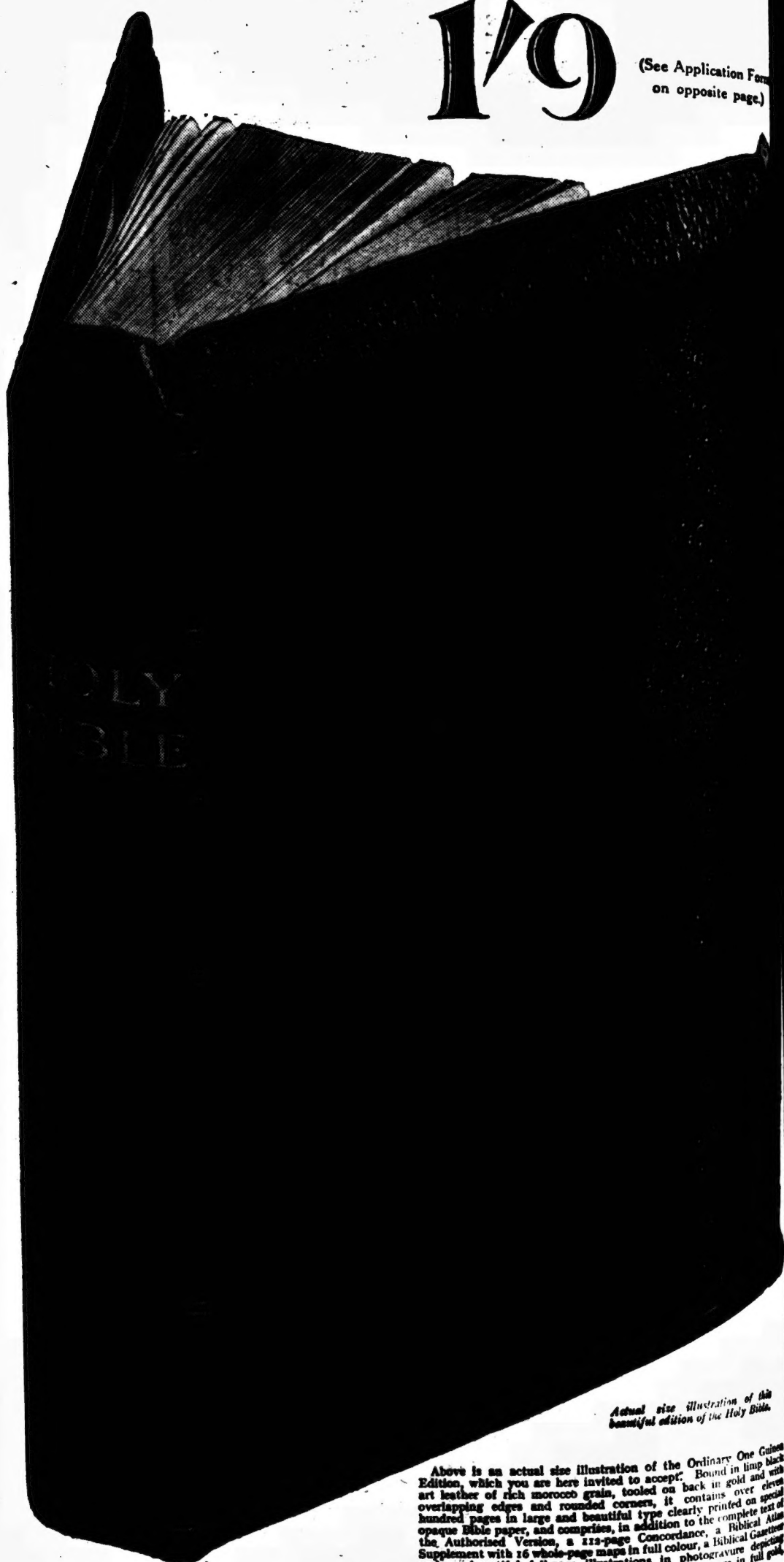

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The Holy Bible

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Philip Inman.

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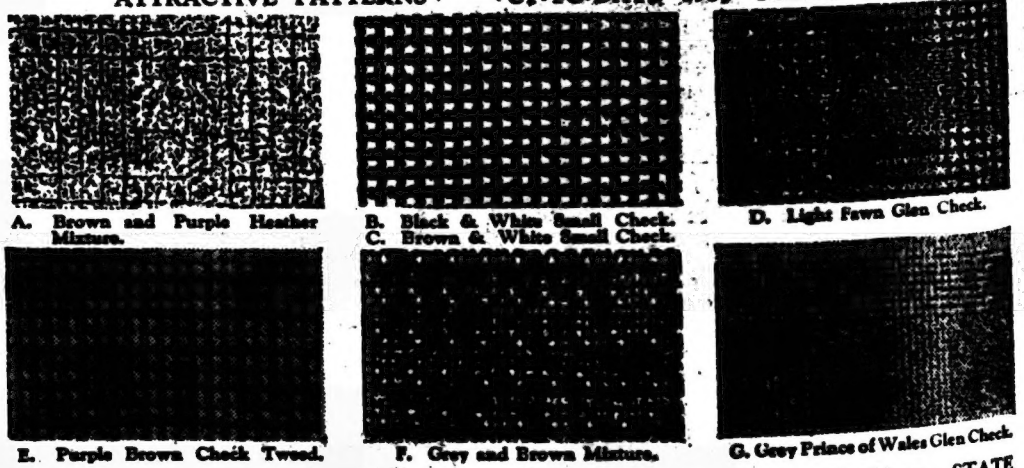

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NEXT WEEK'S *Slaves*

Each morning's black-coated procession business-wards . . . How many of them are slaves of next week?

"ONE glorious bust!" Is there a man among us who, at least once in his life, has not felt desire catch him by the throat, felt the blood surge in his veins, and been tempted to have a last wild fling regardless of the consequences?

If there be such a man, we leave him to condemn John James Latham, newly returned to a Poor Law institution after "busting" £300 in one gigantic spree.

John James, who is sixty-four years old, got this money as back pay from the estate of a former employer. He went to Brighton and Southend and then Paris! And he doesn't regret it.

"Why save money for a rainy day," says John James, "*when there is always shelter from the wet?*"

NOW, though we feel rather tolerant about this old fellow's foolish spree, we can't let that philosophy go unchallenged. There is far too much of it about. The difficult times we live in tend to encourage it. And it is particularly mischievous because it is based on a half-truth, always more dangerous than a downright lie.

Probably old John James had nobody dependent on him. He had been what used to be called "a pauper" for ten years before his windfall came to him. His life must have been very drab and colourless.

A dozen novelists have used variations on the same theme. There was the little clerk in Vicki Baum's novel (and film) "Grand Hotel," whom the doctors had condemned to death, but who was ready to pay all he had for one full draught of "life" before the end. There was "Diana of Dobson's," the shop assistant, who desperately squandered a small legacy for three months' escape from the rut."

The impulse is as old as human nature itself. But, alas! it is *not* true that there is always shelter from the wet.

It may seem a strange thing for us, after what we have had to say about the false economy which has descended like a blight upon the world, to be taking our stand now for the ancient principle of putting by something for a rainy day.

But the fact is that there is all the difference in the world between a wise man's thrift and the panic-stricken economy cuts and hoarding of modern political and business rabbits.

Old John James, to refer to him for the last time here, is right to this extent: that in his case at least he may be certain of food and shelter. We do not let any destitute person starve, and, if he is willing to be fed and housed at the nation's expense without making any effort of his own, that is a matter chiefly for his own conscience.

But that's no attitude for a real *man*. Most of us, thank God, are fit and capable for work in the world. We aim at something more than free board and lodging. We have to face the risk of storms against which the State provides no shelter at all.

And—make no mistake about this—a little money in the bank is a life jacket in the stormy seas of circumstance. It need not be—it should not be—money lying idle. It ought to be invested and working for us all the time.

But what a difference it makes to our outlook on life and even—absolutely—to our characters!

People use old, threadbare, time-worn phrases very glibly without stopping to think what they mean. They talk, for example, of "wage slaves," not solely when they are referring to sweated workers, but when they are referring to anybody who has to do steady work in shop or office.

That's all nonsense. No one is a wage slave who sells his labour at a fair market price. But many of us are the slaves of next week's pay envelope.

Think of the people you meet in your working life—the man at the next bench, the smart young clerk at the neighbouring desk, the pretty girl pounding the adjacent typewriter — and then ask yourself how many of all these are free from the fear of next week.

You probably know, because the type is of such common occurrence, at least one man or one girl who is always "broke." They borrow half-a-crown or half-a-sovereign on Monday, pay it back on Friday, borrow it again the next Monday, pay it back again, and so on, and so on. They *never* catch up.

They are the slaves of next week. They can't face life like free men and free women. Their pluck is undermined. Their outlook is darkened. Their home life is embittered. They live in constant dread of the storm against which they have no protection.

There is no spiritual or mental tonic finer than the knowledge that one has something put away against a rainy day. Be free of debt and have a little capital—it may be ten pounds or a thousand, according to your circumstances—and you are a free man.

You will enjoy a liberation of the spirit which can be won in no other way. Your outlook on life will change. The world will not only seem different to you, but *you* will seem different to the world.

Your very character will stiffen up with the knowledge that you are *not* at the mercy of the first storm. You will work better. Your friends will notice it. Your "boss" will notice it. Your chances of promotion will be improved.

IT may be, and too often is, impossible to save enough to retire on. But it's a poor spirit that works and saves *only* for bread and butter in a problematic old age.

There are storms which may hit any man or any woman of a different kind—sudden illness, a loved wife or child who may need expensive treatment or a costly operation; difficulty in giving your son or your daughter a decent start in life when, perhaps, a little available ready money would mean all the difference. There are scores of possible emergencies like that.

It is worth giving up a few things that one can do without to win the power to meet such emergencies. And, in the last analysis, there is a greater and more lasting thrill in holding this power in reserve, than in wasting it on even the most glorious of "busts."

Wise and true thrift is the beginning of freedom of the spirit. Dickens, the great humanist, knew that.

You remember the verdict he put into the mouth of Wilkins Micawber: "Income twenty pounds, expenditure nineteen pounds nineteen and sixpence; result, happiness. Income twenty pounds, expenditure twenty pounds and sixpence; result, misery."

How irrefutably true it is!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

A Smashing Blow at the Lunacy Bosses

WE invite our millions of readers to join with us in heartiest congratulations to Miss Ethel M. James and the electors of Ipswich.

She, and they (as it will be proved by time), have struck a new and significant blow for the liberty of the subject in this country.

Miss James has just fought and won a seat on the Ipswich Municipal Council. And she stood for JOHN BULL'S campaign against the wholesale imprisonment in lunacy institutions of backward school-children.

It is the first election of any sort in this country that has been fought and won on this battle-cry. And we do not think it will be the last.

Incredible, but true

It was in the pages of JOHN BULL that Miss James first read of the monstrous kidnapping of school-children by the Lunacy Board of Control officials. (There is a terrible case on page 19 of this week's issue.)

Like many other people, she was incredulous. She could not believe that in twentieth-century Britain such official tyranny existed, that innocent children could be torn from their parents and put away for life in this brutal way.

An eye-opener

Miss James proceeded to make her own investigations in the eastern counties.

Not only did this confirm every fact and charge which JOHN BULL had made regarding this social peril, but Miss James found that, if anything, we had understated the frightfulness of it.

She discovered that every year thousands of little children who are merely slow in lessons or have committed trivial offences are being put away for life by the Lunacy Board of Control and their myrmidons, male and female, under laws which were intended only for the detention of imbeciles and idiots.

She discovered that it is even beyond the power of the King's judges to curb the activities of this modern Star Chamber.

Splendid victory

It was a matter in which public opinion must be tested, Miss James saw, so she submitted it to the electors of Ipswich and decided to stand or fall by their verdict at the poll.

As soon as she got on to the platform Miss James found that *public opinion was already formed* JOHN BULL'S campaign has not been in vain.

She was received by the public as a champion of its rights with open arms.

Future candidates, both parliamentary and local government, may take this hint from the splendid victory which Miss James won.

What Ipswich did a few days ago in the first test election will, we are sure, be repeated all over the land until the power of the lunacy bosses is broken.

Bravo, Miss James!

Killing the goose

The new British artificial silk industry is growing rapidly. Yet, unlike its competitors, it has to pay an excise duty equal to half the selling price.

So manufacturers either have to cut out profits in order to compete with the foreigner, or charge higher prices and lose business.

Sensible, isn't it?

Landlords on the "dole"

Sir E. Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, has just done a good piece of work. He has told local authorities that before they grant poor relief they must see that the landlords don't pocket it by charging exorbitant rents.

In one case brought to his notice, a landlord got 76s. a week from six tenants in one house. As all of them were drawing poor relief, this man was being kept by the ratepayers.

Now it's up to the local councils to stop this abuse of public money—and we hope the Minister will see they do so.

Fleecing "Dole" Tenants

Our Park "Peeping Pollies"

Miss Ethel James, the victor of Ipswich

Why the delay?

But there is one urgent job the Minister of Health has *not* tackled.

Last week we demanded an immediate enquiry into the typhoid plague at Denby Dale, Yorkshire. Nothing has been done, though now the death-roll runs into double figures and scores of people are seriously ill.

It must be like the Great Plague of London to little Denby Dale, yet the villagers allege that the council was warned of the danger of its poisoned reservoir months ago.

Must the whole village be wiped out before the Minister of Health is moved to action?

Fool's game

The Post Office pays huge subsidies for the conveyance of mails by ships and aeroplanes. So we get duplicated services, one slow and the other fast—with unnecessarily high fees for sending mails by air.

We know that ships can't be superseded entirely in the conveyance of heavy parcel business, but to run two competitive services and subsidise both is a fool's game.

And as it is being played with the taxpayers' money we demand a halt.

Park peepers

"We find that a policewoman coming up quietly and keeping an eye on young couples in the park has greatly improved the general conduct."

So says the Bishop of London in the *Policewoman's Review*.

If things have come to that, then we think the sooner policewomen stop "creeping up quietly" and the sooner bishops stop boasting about it the better.

The law knows how to deal with Peeping Toms. We can run our parks without Peeping Pollies.

Greathearts

Govan Pals Association, whose members are out-of-work men and youths in the Clydeside area, have made wonderful use of their enforced idleness.

By giving amateur entertainments during the year, they have raised enough money to engage a dozen halls where 2,000 children will be given dinner on Christmas Day. A notable instance of the poor helping the poor.

Fourteen years after

The War Office is just settling down to keeping the peace.

It has scrapped 28,500 feet of war medal ribbon, so there will be no more of this material to be made into braces and sock-suspenders for a while.

But it's the quantity that surprises us. Did the brass-hats think the War was going to last for ever?

Slow coaches

Certainly the railways must be saved. But it's equally certain that they are not doing much to save themselves.

For instance, there are 130,000 people in the London suburb of Ilford, but the train service—so the residents declare—is the same as it was thirty years ago, when the population was only 40,000.

So they are sending a petition to the Minister of Transport about it. But it will take more than petitions, we fe to wake up the railway dead-heads.

Stout stuff

Skipper William Atkinson, of Fle wood, must be a proud man. He h just received a cheque and medal from the Carnegie Heroes' Fund.

A year ago his vessel was wrecked Stornoway. The skipper got ash with a lifeline, scaled a 100-ft. cliff ne previously climbed, and made fast t line before collapsing.

Such is the stuff of which our seam are made.

Nice for Blackpool

Blackpool's rate for public assistan this year is 5¾d. in the £. Sheffiel rate is 6s. 2¼d. in the £.

It may not be possible to equali public assistance charges, but t Government should not delay in givi more liberal Exchequer grants to t areas where unemployment is acute.

The law's absurdity

We welcome a new ally in our lon campaign for cheaper justice. He Judge Crawford, and he wants to kno why a poor man who has been libelle or slandered should have to go to t High Court to clear his character.

Another absurdity, as the judge ca it, is that you can't bring an action a county court for more than £100, bu a counterclaim may be made fo £10,000,000. And he wants to know that's sense.

He's supplied the answer himself.

Another rogue laid low

William Douglas McKinnon, a youn Torquay stockbroker who built up £100,000-a-year business, has bee sentenced to six years' penal servitud for large-scale frauds.

We admit we were gratified by th heavy sentence, for we exposed h activities last June.

Justice varies

Our magistrates are a curious lot. T some drunkenness is a serious offenc to others just a good excuse for wron doing.

Take two recent cases. In the first, man appeared in the dock at Birken head. Before he had even been charge he told the magistrates that he wa drunk when arrested.

They promptly discharged him.

Uncomfortable shelter

In the second case, a man applied t the police-station at Porth, near Ponty pridd, for a night's shelter.

He was arrested for being drunk an disorderly. The magistrate has no in his own words, "provided him wit shelter for one month"—in prison.

We don't like his callous humour o his sentence; but neither do we think the action of the Birkenhead Bench very commendable one.

Advice

It has become desirable to compile list of the members and shareholder of the First Mortgage Co-operative In vestment Trust, the queer operations o which have more than once been deal with in JOHN BULL.

Subscribers to the Trust should com municate quickly with Mr. John Wilmo secretary of the Shareholders' Protec tion Association, 78, New Oxford Stree London, W.C.1.

Big corporation's scheme

When we discussed the affairs of th Acetate Products Corporation, Ltd., i our issue of 15th ulto., we referred t a reconstruction scheme which is bein sponsored by Mr. William Thomas Har vey, a director.

It has been pointed out to us tha Mr. Harvey was in no way identifie with the flotation of the corporation and, in fact, did not join the board o directors until nearly two years afte its formation, by which time serious losses had already been incurred.

We willingly give publicity to these facts.

THE BIBLE: *Important Announcement*

ON another page of this issue appears particulars of a scheme whereby readers of this paper are offered on most exceptional terms a beautiful edition of the Bible. JOHN BULL is in wholehearted sympathy with the great cause in connection with which this offer is made.

Every copy of the Bible applied for under this scheme benefits the funds of Charing Cross Hospital, London, the famous hospital that is, in every sense, one of our national institutions.

The announcement which is made on pages 4 and 5 is inserted *a week before it will appear elsewhere*, and our readers can, provided they apply within the next few days, secure, by sending now the trifling sum of 1s. 9d, one of the most beautiful editions of the Bible yet published

Supplies of these Bibles will be available within the next few days, and immediately they are ready they will be despatched to applicants together with the invoice for the balance of four shillings. A "De Luxe" Edition of this Bible is also available, and particulars will be found on pages 4 and 5.

This is a most unusual opportunity, and JOHN BULL readers will, we know, take full advantage of it. Early application is desirable, as the edition is strictly limited.

RIOTS

by EMANUEL SHINWELL,

Secretary for Mines in the late Labour Government

I HATE to read in the newspapers about the clashes between the police and the unemployed. It is all so utterly futile.

A few cracked heads, some policemen placed on the sick list, the dislocation of traffic, the temporary inconvenience caused to the public will never solve the unemployment problem or remove the worst features of the "Means Test."

I can speak from personal experience; I have probably seen as much of this sort of thing as anybody else.

I can never recall any disturbance that succeeded in doing more to adjust a grievance than could just as well have been achieved by a few men discussing the matter round a table.

I remember during the height of the industrial depression in 1908, when there was a fearful slump in shipbuilding, the unemployed on the Clydeside organised demonstrations and called upon the local authorities to start relief works.

Everything was going along swimmingly until one day a huge meeting was held on an open space outside Glasgow Cathedral. When the speeches were over, and the demonstration was about to start, one bright spirit suggested a visit to the cathedral.

What his purpose was no one, not even himself, seemed to know, but when the crowd surged on to the sacred building the police—there were about fifty of them in attendance—sought to prevent it. In a twinkling batons were out and the battle was in progress. Several people were hurt in this affray, including some of the constables.

The only fortunate feature about this affair was that it took place within a stone's throw of the Royal Infirmary, where the injured quickly had their wounds attended to.

But it proved a fatal blow to the unemployed agitation; sympathy died away, and even the trade unions refused further support.

Fanning the flames

I SAW plenty of trouble during the transport strikes of 1911 and 1912. In spite of the conciliatory efforts of the leaders, "roughs" were always ready to stir up a row.

On one occasion they set fire to a dock shed in one of our largest ports, and when the firemen tried to put out the fire some of these "hangers-on" cut the hose. When the firemen realised what had been done they charged the crowd with their axes. The intervention of the police saved the situation. In the end the dispute was settled by arbitration.

The gravest disturbance I ever witnessed occurred during the forty hours' trouble early in 1919.

The rapid demobilisation after the Armistice produced an acute unemployment problem for the country. Discontent at the failure of the Coalition Government to find a remedy led to a demand for a reduced working week in order to absorb the unemployed. The agitation started in Sheffield, and in a few weeks spread to the principal industrial centres.

In Glasgow the organisation was in the hands of the Shop Stewards' Committee—then regarded as a rebel concern. The Glasgow Trades Council, anxious to prevent anything in the nature of unconstitutional action, decided to take part, and, as the chairman of that body, I was appointed to take charge.

The appeal to the Government met with no favourable response, and a strike was ordered. In two days more than a hundred thousand workers were on the streets to enforce the demand. All sorts and conditions of workpeople responded to the call, and the industrial life of that great city came to a standstill.

I can solemnly testify that the sole purpose of the strike was to convince the authorities that effective steps must be taken to deal with rising unemployment.

The strictest order was enjoined by the leaders, and the strike committee frowned upon any attempt to create a disturbance, flatly declining to assist any person discovered breaking the law. Demonstrations, sometimes with more than 20,000 men taking part, were conducted with a remarkable display of order; not a single unseemly incident marred the proceedings.

But just as a tiny spark can light a flame and cause enormous damage, so, in spite of the efforts of leaders and the best intentions of a mob, one foolish person can cause a riot.

A huge demonstration was in progress in George Square, Glasgow. The leaders, including myself, after addressing the crowd, entered the Council Chambers to interview the Lord Provost, hoping to secure his assistance in making representations to the Government.

—and I went to jail

THE crowd was particularly dense at the south end of the square, when a foolish tram driver endeavoured to force his car through. There was a good deal of chaff going on until the driver accelerated speed, and the demonstrators scrambled in all directions.

A few young men climbed on the car platform and sought to stop the vehicle. Then the police intervened, there was considerable hustling, someone in charge became panicky; in a few moments there was pandemonium.

Even at this stage order could have been restored, but unfortunately a portion of the crowd was diverted into a side street where by the strangest mischance stood a lorry owned by a mineral water firm. It was full of empty bottles.

The temptation proved too strong for some of the hotheads. Soon the bottles were used as missiles and thrown at the police. Hundreds of people were struck down in retaliation: in no time the place was converted into a shambles.

The Sheriff came out and read the Riot Act.

That night considerable smashing of shop windows and looting occurred in the outlying districts. The authorities called out the military.

I was arrested and subsequently spent five months in one of His Majesty's institutions, devouring Shakespeare, the Bible, and cursing the stupidity of that tram driver.

So what had started out as a legitimate and constitutional effort to impress public opinion, and direct attention to the claims of the unemployed, was turned into disorder, bringing discredit to all concerned, antagonising the public, and preventing the problem from being dealt with on its merits.

The moral is clear. There is plenty of sympathy with the claims of the unemployed; the theory that the "out of works" are just a lot of idle loafers who won't look for a job is completely exploded; everybody knows there isn't enough work to go round.

Say what you like about the "Hunger Marchers," but it is impossible to withhold sympathy from a body of men, some of whom have walked 400 miles to the seat of government in order to direct attention to their claims.

But the unemployed—among them men of acute perception and intelligence—must realise that the unemployment problem cannot be solved by rioting; that the Government is unlikely to yield because of clashes with the police, and that the anomalies of the "Means Test" will not disappear because a few bricks are fired through a shop window.

Their aim is to fire the public mind, to arouse the public conscience. After all, this is still a democratic country, where a strong case at the bar of reason will evoke a ready and sympathetic response.

The British public is the highest Court of Appeal, and the victims of unemployment can, by maintaining a firm and honest demeanour, make a lasting impression on that assembly.

It is not seemly that men and women should remain passive when wrongs are inflicted upon them, but the unemployed will do themselves the greatest disservice if they permit a mixture of rioting and horseplay to be associated with any legitimate method of drawing attention to their grievances.

They should keep themselves in hand, and sternly suppress any attempt on the part of youthful or unruly followers to introduce unconstitutional action, which can only have the effect of losing the good will of the public, and may well lead to reprisals, the end of which no man can see.

On the other hand, while the authorities have the duty imposed upon them of maintaining order, the responsibility is equally theirs of selecting the proper men for that purpose.

I have no desire to say a single harsh word about the "Specials" whose services are requisitioned in times of commotion. They are, no doubt, excellent citizens with a high sense of duty, but, when feeling runs high, men with ample experience are required.

Tact, humour, and the capacity to give and take are the best ingredients for preserving order, and though a trained constable may act brutally in a time of stress, I would prefer to leave the matter in the keeping of experienced officers.

Small beginnings

AS I have shown, even when demonstrators start off with the best intentions, accidents may happen. A foolish motorist seeking to push his way through a dense crowd, some tactless person indulging his taste in repartee, an offensive remark from the sidewalk, and a row is on.

Once it begins, the radiation takes lightning speed, the police find the task of restoring order beyond them; out come the batons, and the next morning the newspapers are full of the riot.

On the whole, it is remarkable how few disturbances have occurred in this country despite innumerable grievances and protests. In this respect we have advanced far beyond the stage reached by other nations.

We have renounced force as a method of settling our internal disputes. The concealed baton of the police officer is a gesture, not an instrument of aggression; we can compose our differences by argument and the ballot bo..

I am not windy or pessimistic. I know that the great majority of the unemployed appreciate the value of using political and constitutional action, and are not likely to discard it because it occasionally produces unsatisfactory results.

Meanwhile the demonstrations during the past few days have served their purpose. The public is in a listening mood. I hope it will not be deterred from doing what is right because here and there righteous indignation has developed into a fracas.

The BIBLE is Still

Yesterday it was an offence punishable by death to sell copies of the Bible in Persia. To-day—here is Colporteur Ephraim Shimoon surrounded by Persians who are anxious to learn of the Great Book

THE time has come to add a new chapter to the long story of Christian martyrdom.

That new chapter is being written bit by bit in the letters of the packmen who carry the Holy Scriptures in 665 different languages into the dark corners of the earth—along the icy precipices of the Himalayas, into the forbidden wastes of Arabia, over strange deserts where no white man has ever trod.

It reveals enough of the sacrifices of the men who have devoted their lives to distributing the Gospel throughout the world to show that in 1931-32 Christianity has had to fight again as it fought in the days when martyrs were thrown to the lions or cast into the fires of Smithfield.

One message tells of a Bible printing plant burning into the night, its staff scattered and some perhaps lost for ever; others of Bible salesmen dismembered, beaten on the feet with bastinadoes or even killed; yet another of a tragic moment when loyal Chinese Bible workers, grieved at the fate that was overtaking their country, seemed to hesitate on the brink of renouncing Christianity.

Fighting the despots

Yet, despite it all, a mere 1,099 colporteurs—as the devoted men are known who are employed by the various societies to carry the printed Gospel into non-Christian countries—distributed no fewer than 7,349,079 of the 10,552,284 Scriptures required throughout the world last year, often with a torturing trek of a hundred miles and more between each sale.

They found far worse than a Nero, these modern disciples who do not attempt to interpret the Bible or preach about it, but just leave it in places where missionaries may come years after or never at all.

They found the twin despots of Poverty and Disillusionment at work, hardening hearts against all religious appeal They found new movements, movements to which whole peoples have turned in despair as a drowning man will clutch at a straw, undoing the work their forerunners died to accomplish. They found whole countries turned against the Bible because the unthinking, when things go wrong, will blame anything.

Think of this when next you see a Bible in a shop window, yours for a few pieces of silver. Think of the men who are risking their lives to carry the Bible into the remotest corners of the earth. Think, in particular, of China.

Results seemed so wonderful to the colporteurs in China a mere five years ago. Gone were the days when entrance to the celestial kingdom was barred, the foreign books were forbidden to be distributed under penalty of death.

The colporteurs of yesterday had done their work so well. Tutors, working in hourly expectation of discovery and death, had dictated to amanuenses who carried poison so that they could defeat the torturers, wood-workers had carved each page out of a solid piece of wood by hand—and so the Chinese Bible had been made. The early colporteurs carried it along pathways of blood.

"Easy going!"

It was terrible to begin again—and the setbacks and struggles of this last year meant almost that.

The year before had been easy going, or what a colporteur would call easy going. Let Mr. J. H. Edgar, one of their number, describe it:

"The roads were not only bad but dangerous. The regions were unknown to map makers. The roads go up to 17,000 feet, and bridges are narrow planks over foaming rivers that are not always crossed without accident. There are languages few Westerners have ever heard, and robbers everywhere. One incident meant looking down the muzzle of fifty guns. But then, I had always Yang Min—ready to meet death with a smile."

That is "easy going" to a colporteur.

And then, at a moment when the Bible sale in China was the largest in the world, came the dreadful turn.

First the quarrel between the war lords, with agitators mouthing against all Christian teaching. Then later, in 1931, the great Yangtse floods, with 42,000 square miles of raging water rendering 25,000,000 homeless and killing—well, who knows how many?

Colporteurs have to lay down their lives or at least their Bibles at such times as that. And converts find it harder to believe. But the work must go on.

And then came the war in Manchuria, with colporteurs sleeping with police whistles, not to summon police aid, but to warn one another of danger; bombs crashing down and ruining their little churches.

One terrible night in Shanghai when, to quote the bare and colourless report of a Bible agent: "The building and printing equipment, where for years we have got most of our supplies of Scriptures, have been utterly demolished. The members of our staff have had to abandon their homes. Their families are scattered, and the whereabouts of many unknown."

Was the task really harder in the Dark Ages?

Four hundred Bible agents trying to carry the Book of Peace and Good Will in a country of hundreds of millions of souls disillusioned, disrupted, swept by war and hate. Even the Chinese Christian leader seemed to hesitate. . . .

Fifty of these Chinese surveyed the ruined churches and met. They had an offer from Japanese Christians, a generous offer. The Japanese would cross the sea to be with them. Surely that would give them safety?

For a moment the Chinese were proud. They talked of those bombs, and there was danger that the Christian good will of the Japanese offer would escape them. They asked: "Is this a fit and proper time to receive Japanese visitors?" and it seemed as if the gesture would be spurned.

To the British Bible agents lingering in the room it seemed as if faith in the Bible among believers in the Far East was in the balance, and that the scales would fall on the wrong side. Then they remembered some of the words contained in the Bibles they carried over the terrible roads of China, and these people, who find it so hard to forgive, forgave.

But not in China alone is the task of spreading the Gospel harder.

In Burma came the armed rebellion against British rule, and shocking atrocities on many innocent Christians. Even the personal friends of the Bible men would not allow themselves to be seen standing next to a Christian in the streets of a town. Outside the house of one a murderous crowd shrieked "Bring out the Christian," and he escaped only just in time.

Yet the colporteurs had to go out into the jungle, along the primitive roads, everywhere where murder stalked, not secretly, for the heavy packs laden with Testaments that bore them to the ground must inevitably stamp them as Christians.

The Book goes through

In Persia, where you were once sentenced to death for selling the Scriptures, one man was beaten with bastinadoes.

But since 12,000,000 people in Persia look for the coming of the man with the Bible, over the tops of mud volcanoes, along the sides of perilous rivers, he shouldered his pack and with bleeding feet went on.

They have closed Afghanistan entirely to the Bible man, but the Book goes through.

Over the stark rock mountains, along the dreadful road to India that Alexander trod as an invader, goes the man with the pack. Behind him as he walks officials seek to find how the Bible is getting through.

But by the time those who deny him entrance are tired of waiting for his return, he is there again, unstrapping his bag to replace Bibles that have been worn out with use, or all the more anxious to leave one where one has never been left before.

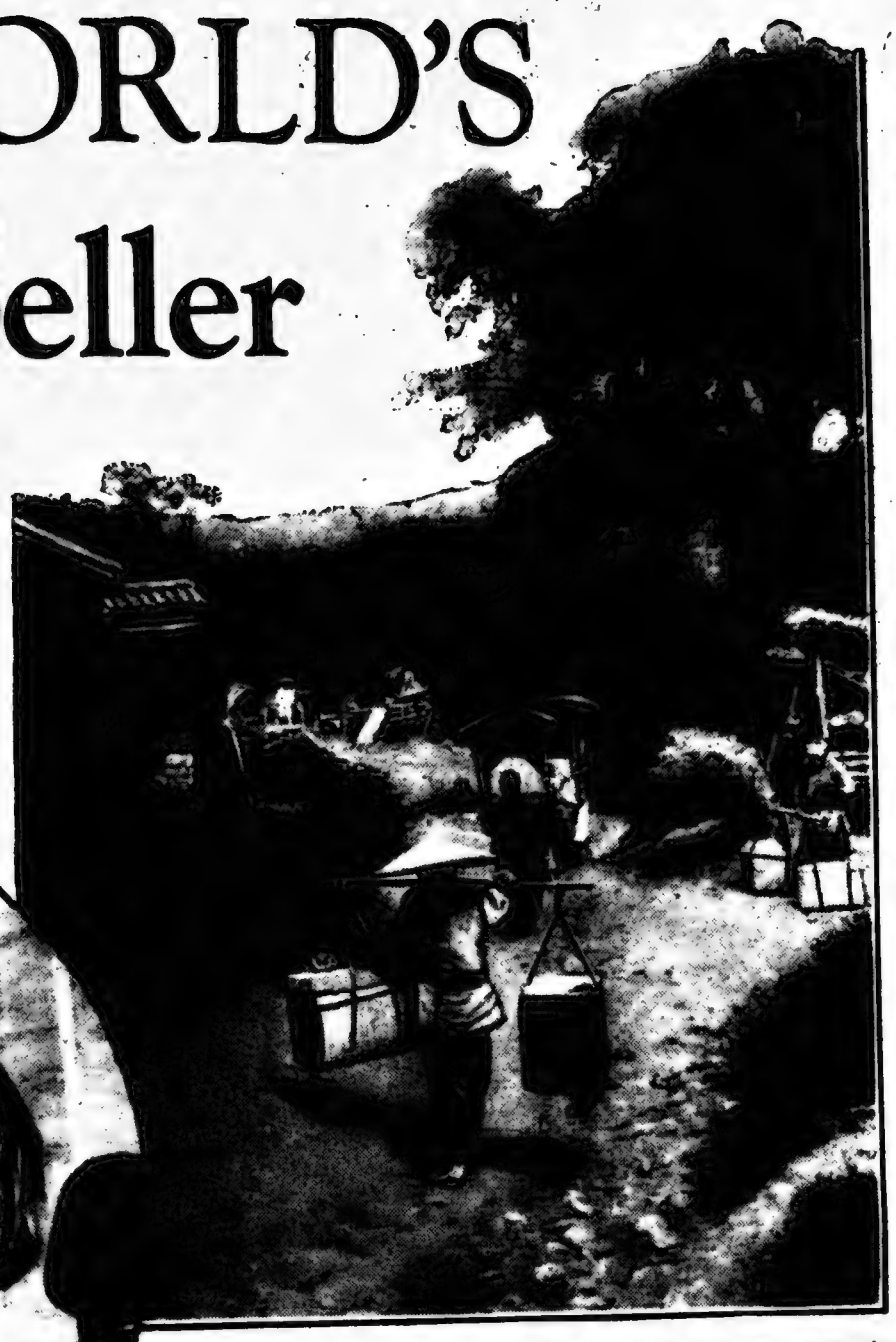
Arabia, too—that most forbidden of all countries—has been closed to him officially. But he has got through—as he will always get through. He was actually marching on Mecca to sell the Arabic Bible himself in the heart of the holy city, and only failed because the British Consular authorities intervened.

Well, he did not get to Mecca. But

The work of translation goes steadily on. These members of the Adjukru tribe of the French Ivory Coast are engaged in translating parts of the Bible into their own language

the WORLD'S Best-Seller

—Romance of its Triumph over the Big Depression



(Above)—In China the colporteurs have met with serious setbacks; but they plod on—they are determined to win through. Here they are in the Yunnan district

(Left)—The colporteur often paves the way for the missionary—little African children take a lesson in the Scriptures

his Bibles did, and you can buy them there to-day.

In the Moslem countries generally every type of rebuff awaits him, from insult to peremptory execution. Yet the colporteurs go through right the way from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, across unknown Africa, through Palestine, Transjordania, Syria, Iraq, Persia, over countries where minor wars are waged that are rarely heard of, and oft-times into places where no missionary has ever been seen.

The Amir's welcome

Here, as elsewhere, it is not as easy as it used to be. The world misery has filtered into even the darkest parts of the earth.

In Kurdistan a colporteur found himself disheartened. It was not just fear of death, although the danger of that was always present. It was the question of the fate of his Bibles.

So as a last resource he went to the Amir himself. "Welcome," said the potentate. "Welcome to you and your books. I shall buy one in Arabic myself, and you may travel far and wide through Kurdistan and say you have me as a friend."

To-day the colporteur sells them everywhere, although "Are you sure it is legal to read these books?" the squatting Moslems ask him anxiously.

In India he must be blamed for all the things the agitator alleges against the British, and take the punishment that would frighten off most men. In Algeria even the Rabbis object—although it was a Rabbi who bought one and sent it to the Talifet oasis, where no European may go.

It is not only in the East that 1931 has been a year of martyrdom for the Bible sellers. Wherever there is poverty there is intolerance, that worst enemy of all.

What of the colporteur in the Wallachian plain, near Bukarest, where poverty is so acute that the last half-penny has vanished, and a coin may never be seen again? Or in the heart of the Argentine, centre of the meat industry of the world, where people are so poor that they are eating horse flesh bought at 4s. 4d. a carcase?

Or in parts of Brazil, where chickens became currency, and there are now no chickens? Yes, and even in Western Canada, where the colporteur, unable to sell a Testament for a ha'penny, has accepted a weasel skin instead, or a measure of oats or potatoes that the farmers cannot sell?

In Vienna these brave Bible carriers were often beaten up by hooligans last year. A few months ago one was stoned at Tagliaccozzo, in Italy, and just escaped with his life. In the Azores Colporteur Gill was left for dead by a political fanatic. In Portugal the mob threw one into a tank with the intention of drowning him, and all but did so.

In Poland they are accusing them of vending immoral literature and inciting the peasants to set on them. To be spat at is an hourly occurrence—and there is often far worse. In Russia the colporteur dare not work openly.

And Spain. Here is a bright spot in a bad year. The various Bible societies feared the worst when the old régime was overthrown. It had always been friendly. But in President Zamorra they found a man of simple faith, who has helped and encouraged them so much that Bible sales have soared.

Who are they, these men to whom no peril is too great, no task too difficult—men who have no word "impossible" in their vocabulary? Many are coloured folk. Some are white people.

One, Ebenezer Shepherd, retired last year after fifty years' hazardous experience in Western India. His father did the same work, and his son will carry on.

Colporteur Esimnoglou, a Greek, has suffered everything except death for forty years. Dalder, of Latvia, has served thirty-seven years, and Pedro Azabache, of Peru, has grown old and bent in the work, and neither will think of retiring.

Baron Nicola, a Russian noble who has known supreme comfort, walks the hot roads of Persia with his bags. And at more than sixty years of age Colporteur Leng, of China, still carries his fifty pounds of bedding and books into any part of China where a Bible can be sold or given away.

In another part of his country Chang Lin, a grandee of the old school, has sacrificed comfort for this thankless, and in the financial sense profitless, work. And in Palestine and Syria, Musa al Magadi, who has passed his threescore and ten, still spends his life riding across the desert on his mule, doing journeys that last days at a time, and often penetrating where no other Christian goes.

In every tongue

Despite all the difficulties in the field, the work behind it all, the job of translating the Bible into more and more tongues, and so opening more perilous parts of the world to the colporteurs, still goes on.

The translators added in the past year eleven new languages—Atche, Momwu, Dakkarkiri, Shamba, Karamojong, Chaga, Chopi, Tumbuka, Shan, Guarani, and Marovo. Nor are they all mere dialects, although the names are unknown. Shan, for instance, is the tongue of two or three million people.

Typical of the way in which the translator works—it is more often than not done on the spot, with the assistance of native converts—is the experience of the Reverend Edwin Smith, who translated the Bible into the Rhodesian language of Ila.

"When I arrived in this part of Central Africa I did not know the tongue, and not two words of it had been written or printed," he says. "It took five years for me to learn it, and after fifteen years the work was done.

"To get the right word for cry, I would have to weep, and to get the right word for anger I had to show anger. The converts would then give me the word. And so the Book grew."

So, too, is it growing at the rate of ten new translations a year. And when the new books are ready the colporteurs will be waiting to carry them across the earth. And carry them they will, whatever the hardships.

That is why the Bible is still the world's best-seller.

The Human Machine

Too Many Sheep

IN two thousand years of civilised existence what progress has mankind really made? To look round the chaotic world to-day tempts one to say unhesitatingly, "None." Inventions have teemed from the brains of inventors—and we do not seem able to make life one whit better for all their magic. Yet we have learned one thing. We have made one step towards a better world. We have learned tolerance. We have learned that the other fellow has a point of view. We may argue with him, but we no longer burn him at the stake.

We have learned tolerance—as an idea; now we have to learn it as a reality. What has happened is that an invisible web of transport and communication has been rapidly woven round us with the passing years, and we are all forced to live closer together than ever before.

And individuals, just as much as nations, have to learn the art of living together. Each individual has a duty to perform, in thought and action, and what he does is, in the end, what the nation does.

There is only one safe rule. "Sit down before every fact as a little child," said Huxley, that grand thinker and scientist. "Be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, and follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."

To keep our minds open and receptive, to keep our minds elastic, to regard new things and new ideas as adventures, is one of the prime duties of every modern man and woman. Most people are intellectually and spiritually lazy. They are too willing to leave things to someone else. The world has all the sheep it needs. What it lacks is men.

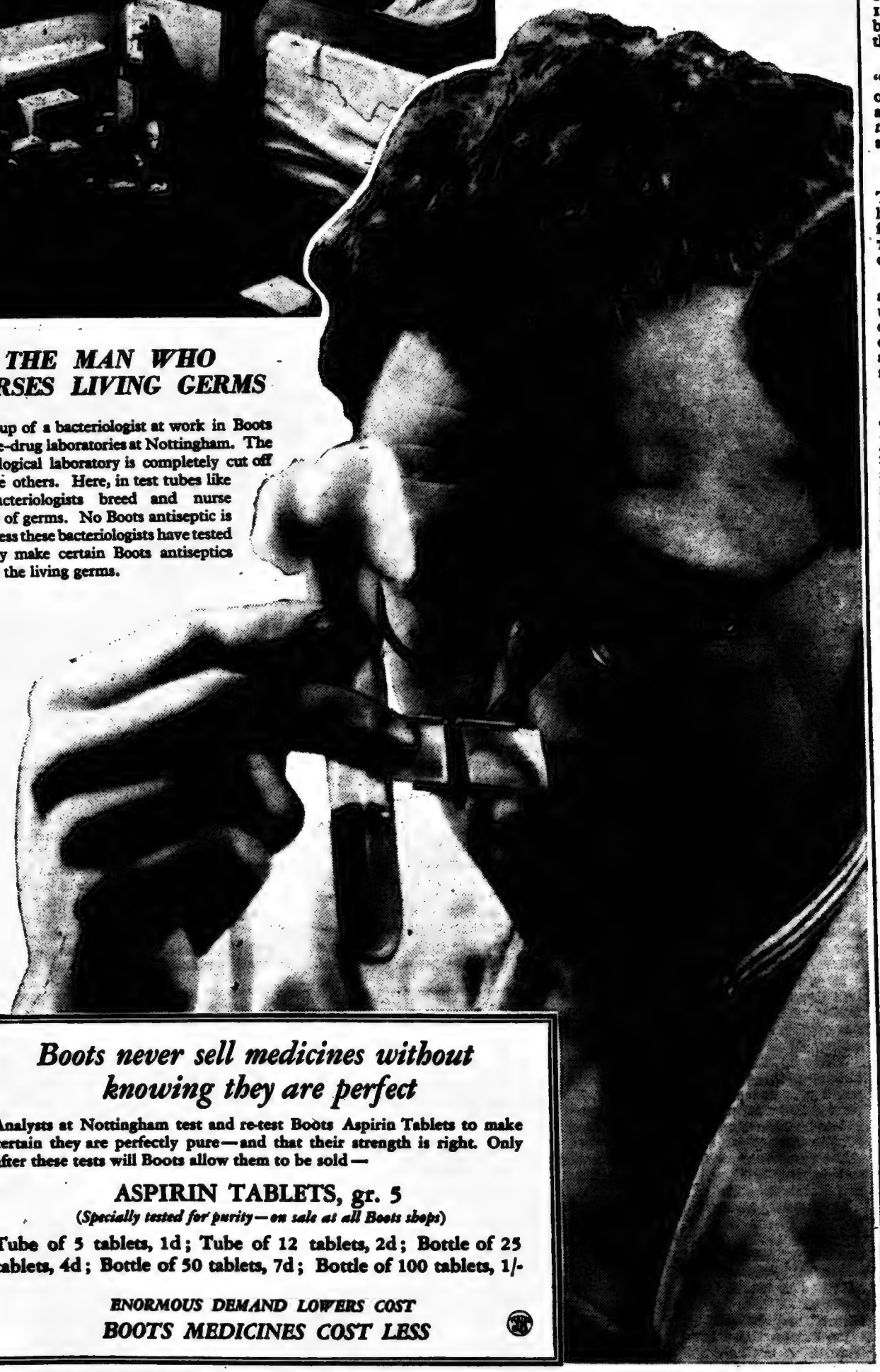
DRAMA OF MAKING MEDICINES SAFER

A PLACE in NOTTINGHAM THAT IS LIKE CENTRAL AFRICA

Special incubators test Boots medicines under North Pole and Tropical conditions. Medicines must remain pure after weeks in steam . . . . otherwise Boots analysts will reject them. You can be sure Boots medicines will stay perfect through cold Winter damp; or the hottest Summer.

THE MAN WHO NURSES LIVING GERMS

A close-up of a bacteriologist at work in Boots vast pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham. The bacteriological laboratory is completely cut off from the others. Here, in test tubes like this, bacteriologists breed and nurse millions of germs. No Boots antiseptic is sold unless these bacteriologists have tested it—they make certain Boots antiseptics will kill the living germs.



Boots never sell medicines without knowing they are perfect

Analysts at Nottingham test and re-test Boots Aspirin Tablets to make certain they are perfectly pure—and that their strength is right. Only after these tests will Boots allow them to be sold—

ASPIRIN TABLETS, gr. 5

(Specially tested for purity—on sale at all Boots shops)

Tube of 5 tablets, 1d; Tube of 12 tablets, 2d; Bottle of 25 tablets, 4d; Bottle of 50 tablets, 7d; Bottle of 100 tablets, 1/-

ENORMOUS DEMAND LOWERS COST

BOOTS MEDICINES COST LESS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A GREAT MAN WHOSE WORK LIVES ON

HERE is a story that reads like a romance — *yet every word is true.* Near Nottingham, on June 12, 1850, a baby was born to an agricultural labourer earning 12*s.* a week. . . . That baby was responsible before he died for the lives of hundreds of thousands of British soldiers!

That baby was Jesse Boot — founder of "Boots, the Chemists." In the early years of his life he built pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham to supply *tested* drugs (*safer than any drugs ever sold before*) to Boots shops all over the country. . . .

WAR!

Then in 1915 came poison gas! Boots shops had always depended on Boots laboratories for *safer* drugs. NOW ENGLAND DEPENDED ON THEM. Life or death for England depended on *safe* drugs for use in gas masks!

Safe chemicals for gas masks or the British army would perish! The Government used Boots tested chemicals. . . . Millions of masks to protect the British Army were completed in Boots pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham by this man — pioneer of safer drugs!

HOW HE BEGAN

This is the story of his life: Aged 9, Jesse Boot was left the sole support of his mother. At 13 he assumed full control of a tiny herbalist's shop — studying and reading *at night.* Imagine this lad of 13 running a shop, carrying the responsibility of it all day, then sitting up far into the night to study business.

What was the result? By 1873 he owned his own chemist's shop, with a staff of fully-qualified chemists. By 1896 there were 60 Boots shops. By 1932 there were over 950 Boots shops—*where last year they served millions and millions of customers!*

THE TWO MASTER STROKES OF HIS LIFE

How was all this enormous success possible to a poor boy? The answer is because he *was* poor! Being the son of poor parents, he knew how wicked it was that drugs and medicines should be expensive. Here began the FIRST MASTER STROKE OF HIS LIFE. He decided, with what money he had, to buy Epsom Salts, Bicarbonate of Soda, etc., in large quantities — so he could buy more cheaply — AND SELL MORE CHEAPLY.

The same rule has been followed always by Boots. Today the vast demand for Boots medicines means that Boots can buy *enormous* quantities at a time. SO YOU PAY LESS!

Jesse Boot's SECOND MASTER STROKE was the idea of TESTING DRUGS AND MEDICINES. . . . Fifty years ago there were practically no *tested* medicines. But Jesse Boot was determined to make certain that the drugs and medicines on which people's health depend were pure. He insisted that every Boots drug must be tested and re-tested.

No Boots drugs or medicines are allowed to be sold unless they pass every possible test. Every year over 70,000 tests are conducted in the laboratories at Nottingham.

No wonder doctors tell their patients to go to Boots for all medicinal requirements. Doctors know you can get *tested* medicines, and yet *save money,* at Boots. Jesse Boot himself is dead (June 13, 1931), but his work lives on! People are only now beginning to realize how great was the work of this one man!

The Boots Chemists

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

CHRISTMAS *barely 6 weeks away*—GREATER VALUE AT LESS COST IN GIFTS FROM BOOTS

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to JOHN GALSWORTHY

YOU CAN SEE THE *Other Side*

MY DEAR JOHN,—Thank heavens I do not have to call you "Sir John." I nearly did.

I remember one of Lloyd George's chief henchmen boasting to me, late in the War, that he had at least got one name in the Honours List that would make it look respectable.

It was yours.

It appeared with all the men who were losing the War at that particular moment. They gave you a knighthood without asking you, and, the next day, you said you would not have it.

I wonder why it is so many people are annoyed by you.

The Cocktail Set sneer, and the young dramatic critics who never saw Tree, or heard of Irving until yesterday, delight to disparage a dispassionate method which they cannot understand.

I read, only yesterday, in a gossip column, a reference to the Forsytes as "that famous family of bores."

Now, when I go abroad to Denmark or Germany, or any one of the countries where England is held in high esteem, they talk to me only of two of our authors—Shaw, whom they think is an Englishman because he dare not return to Ireland, and you.

Shaw they speak of as the man who illuminates. But it is for you they have the greater respect.

You represent to them, in your writing and your work, all that is best in the English character. That is how I regard you, the man with a great sense of pity. The Cocktail Set prefer to see, in plays and novels, reflections of their own vacuities. They loathe something that looks eternal and seeks to be just in its tolerance.

* * *

"That famous family of bores" were the characters of "The Forsyte Saga," the greatest English work of fiction produced in the last twenty years, a perfect picture of the days and the ways and habits that have just passed from our sight.

Who but you could have chiselled out of granite the dominant shipowner in "Old English" or in "Justice," "The Silver Box" and "Strife"—the last-named is one of the greatest plays I have ever seen—put down, with fairness and yet with a courageous fidelity, three of the great curses of our social system? The three I mean are the unfairness, to the poor, of criminal law, the inhuman ineffectiveness of our prisons, and the way in which strikes cripple both sides.

I do not wonder that, sometimes, you offend Press lords and their underlings. You ask no favours of them. You stand apart. You do not log-roll, or give parties, or take part in them.

* * *

Some of your short stories will remain when much of your larger work is forgotten, the ones, I mean, which plead for hunted animals with a sense of infinite pity, and the one, particularly, where a poor German street-walker in London—you wrote it during the War and printed it when it was very unpopular—suddenly burst out with a protest against what she saw as our war on her people. Her soldier customers saw her country's aeroplanes. She saw our Fleet starving her family.

You have, to a pronounced degree, the Englishman's capacity for seeing the other side. Your critics say you see too much of it. They prefer a self-labelled partisan.

They cannot see that, if all your work is taken together, it is the most continuous, the most patient, and the most effective challenge to cruelty and injustice that has been produced in the last three decades.

The outside world does not know, but, every few weeks, there comes into England some distinguished foreign author — so distinguished, often, that the great world has never heard of him—who comes here, seeking some contact which will patch up the world's broken Peace. He lands on these shores unheralded, insulted sometimes, as was Henri Barbusse the other day. Yours is almost the only hand to welcome him.

You are the great head of the P.E.N. Club, which now has branches in almost every land—Playwrights, Editors and Novelists, who are all pledged to Peace.

Other countries entertain, officially, our authors when they go abroad. Our Government does nothing for the great authors who come here.

* * *

So you have made yourself, unknown to the nation, the nation's host, and your club has spread from country to country a glimmering of light that the great world does not notice, but one bright enough to let those with keen, brave eyes see the Truth.

I should despair of you if you were taken up by the Society tuft-hunters, or you were paragraphed with the pornographers and flattered with the flabby.

Your playwriting is done, I am afraid. I believe you have said so yourself. Anyway, London's taste has changed.

Besides, as a playwright, perhaps you have said it all. No British playwright ever said so much, or said it so effectively. You have changed public opinion so much that when you say anything now they knew it before.

You see, you taught them.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
Buckingham Palace

YOUR MAJESTY,—Once again you have shown that your heart beats in sympathy with the sufferings of your people.

In becoming patroness of the Personal Service League, you have placed yourself at the head of a movement to supply clothing and other necessities of life to the distressed families of the unemployed.

It is in keeping with the record of our reigning House that the Throne itself should be a symbol of service to the people.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WARWICK DEEPING,
Weybridge, Surrey

DEAR SIR,—To the fame which has rewarded your work as an author must be added that which is thrust upon a man who does good by stealth.

For it is revealed that half of the royalties from a book dealing with your war-time experiences as a major in the R.A.M.C. have been given by you to the Papworth Settlement for tubercular ex-Service men.

Long may you remain a best-seller!

JOHN BULL.

Sir EVELYN MURRAY,
Manchester Square, London, W.

DEAR SIR EVELYN,—As the first occupant of the newly-created post of Director-General of the Post Office, you have a fine opportunity to display business acumen combined with consideration for the humblest worker.

All heads of big business realise nowadays that a contented staff ensures good service.

So wipe out the disgraceful conditions of the "auxiliary" and "unestablished" postmen and you will go far towards removing grounds of complaint against your department.

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE WOODCOCK, K.C.,
Leeds County Court

DEAR JUDGE,—Having had a lot to say myself about the accident touts who persuade the injured to bring hopeless actions for damages, I welcome your slashing attack from the Bench on "this pestilential type."

You rightly put a measure of blame on the solicitors who co-operate with these scoundrels.

I hope you will return to the attack. Between us we may make the authorities act.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FLINDERS PETRIE,
Gaza, Palestine

DEAR SIR,—At the age of seventy-nine, you are on the way to Palestine to continue the work of unearthing ancient cities which has occupied you for fifty-two years.

And you ask: "What are seventy-nine years in a city—Gaza—that has stood for 6,000 years?"

That is typical of you. When there's a job to be done your age is no bar to work. I hope you will long continue to be the Grand Old Man of archæology.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LILY COLLINS,
Carey Street, Preston

BRUTE,—I don't know what your thoughts will be during your three months' hard labour, but they should not be hard thoughts about the police who prosecuted you.

For before summoning you, they gave £20 to help your seven children, and only when they saw it wasted did they try other means.

When you come out I hope you will thank them. And you might try to learn a lesson from what they did.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM REEVES,
Shirley, Southampton

REEVES,—The houses you own give you an income of £3 12s. a week. Your wife has just got a legacy of £1,500. Yet you lied to get the "dole."

The magistrate fined you the maximum penalty of £25, with the alternative of three months in jail.

I'm sorry he couldn't fine *and* imprison you.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE,
Churt, Surrey

DEAR L.G.,—Nothing in your career becomes you more than your camaraderie with the little Labour Opposition in the House of Commons

You and your son and daughter sit with its members to encourage them in the difficult job of stating the other side of the case against the most overwhelming majority ever known.

You are the "Father of the House" now and your locks are getting more silvery. But everyone holds you in high esteem for your dignity and cheerfulness in the face of political eclipse.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. THEOPHILUS WILLING,
North Hill, Cornwall

REVEREND SIR,—You were fined only £10 for failing to stop your car when told to do so by a policeman, and for driving on after an accident.

But the magistrates' remarks were more severe than any fine could be. They said they simply could not believe your excuses—"a disgraceful thing to say of a clergyman."

It is, and I hope you will learn its lesson during the six months in which you are forbidden to drive.

JOHN BULL.

HULL MAGISTRATE: I share your regret that you could fine skipper only £100 for carrying 7,000 tons of wheat without precautions against it shifting, so risking life. Some maximum penalties often make lawbreaking highly profitable!—JOHN BULL.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL,
Harringay, London, N.

SCOUNDREL,—When your father-in-law was on his death-bed, you forged his signature to obtain some of his savings from the Post Office Bank and did the same with his wife's money.

Sir Ernest Wild said it would be impossible to imagine a more despicable series of crimes, and sentenced you to seventeen months' imprisonment.

I wish it had been longer.

JOHN BULL.

STILL BETTER VALUE

IN THESE GIFTS

For only 13 coupons, instead of 16, you can get two ½-lb. blocks—Cadbury's Milk and Nut Milk. Or Bournville Plain and Fruit and Nut for as little as 11 coupons. The popular 1-lb. Milk Tray and ½-lb. King George Assortments are down from 20 to 18 coupons each. New Gifts, at new record values, are three ¼-lb. blocks for 9 coupons—Bournville Plain, Milk and Nut Milk; and two ¼-lb. blocks for 6 coupons—Creme and Truffle.

Send a postcard **now** (1d. stamp) to 'New Gifts,' Cadbury, Bournville, for complete list.

BOURNVILLE COCOA

6d PER ¼ LB.	11d PER ½ LB.	1/9 PER LB.

MADE BY CADBURY, IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN.

How I Got Rid Of Wrinkles at 60 and made myself Look 20 Years Younger

"I am 60 years of age, an age at which a woman so often no longer seeks to make herself attractive. But I felt a desire out of pure curiosity to try the effect of Crème Tokalon Skinfood on my weatherbeaten and wrinkled face.

Imagine my surprise when, after *one month* of this treatment, people said to me: 'you are getting younger.' Encouraged by these remarks, I persevered and in *five months* a miracle had been performed: everyone who meets me declares that I appear to be a woman of 40 or 45. My complexion is clear and beautiful, slightly rosy and I have hardly the suspicion of a wrinkle. It is marvellous. Judging by this, if all women would only use your Crème Tokalon Skinfood, there would be no more old grandmothers."

Note: The writer of the above prefers not to have her name published, but her original letter may be seen. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients great specialists say your skin must have to keep it clear, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

FREE FURNISHING CATALOGUE

Fill in the Coupon on p. 25 for the Hackney Illustrated Catalogue containing a Bundle of Bargains, Free Insurance and details of Deferred Terms.

IF YOU'VE A BABY

PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR BUSY MOTHERS

Good resolutions are not made only at the beginning of a year. Wise mothers are making them all the time—whenever they find something which aids their darling's health and happiness.

A letter we have just received contains a resolution which is of vital importance to a certain bonny little fellow. It says: "Peter owes a lot of his happy disposition and sturdy health to Steedman's Powders, *which will continue to be his only aperient right through childhood.*"

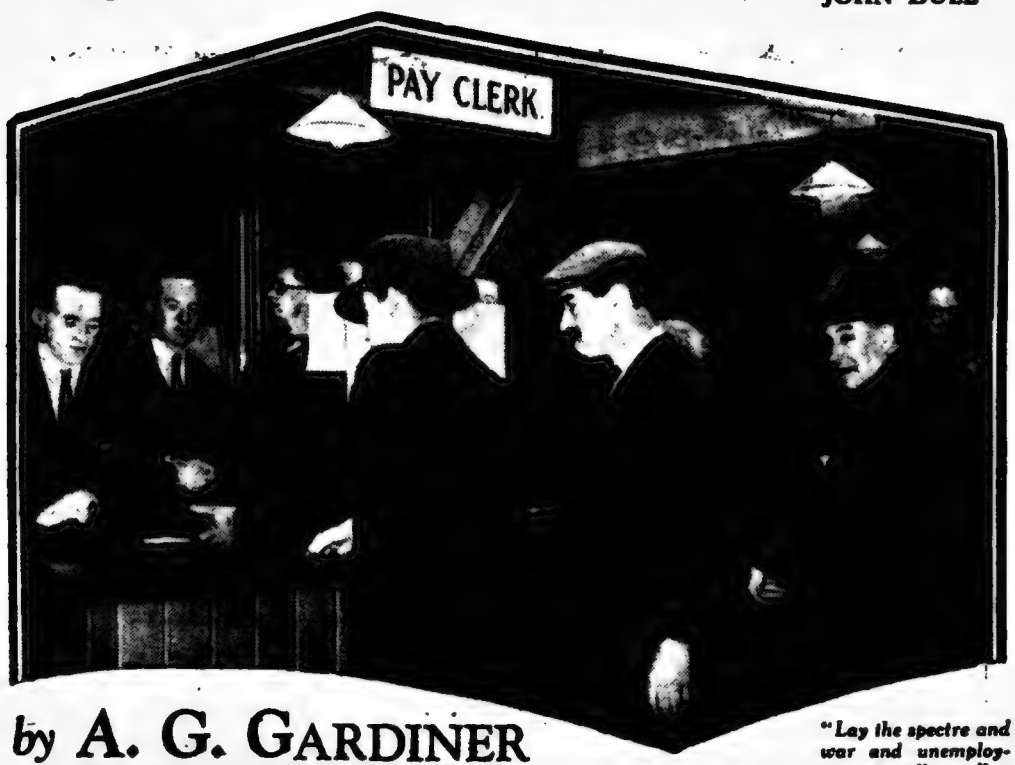
Peter's mother wrote for a copy of the famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers," quite soon after he was born.

Dealing so practically with all the little baby ailments—it has been an invaluable guide to her, while the gentle, safe powders have kept his bowels regular and his blood cool, so that he has been a happy, bonny baby from the first.

Steedman's Powders are obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder. The double EE is stamped on every powder for your protection.

Why not start right and keep right by sending a postcard TO-DAY for *your* copy of "Hints to Mothers"?. If you mention "John Bull" it is free and post-free, from JOHN STEEDMAN & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

Are We TURNING the Corner?



"Lay the spectre and war and unemployment will pass"

by A. G. GARDINER

ONE swallow does not make a summer, and we have had too many disappointments to be tempted to throw up our hats because an indubitable swallow has been seen. But that is no reason why we should not welcome the swallow and indulge the hope that spring is on the way.

I offer no apologies, therefore, for making the fall in the unemployment figures the occasion for a plea for a reasoned cheerfulness about the future.

However we look at the fact, it is encouraging. It is a substantial fall—well over 100,000. It comes at a season when employment normally slumps. It touches one at least of the staple industries—cotton. It is not local, but general.

Lancashire and the Midlands have the bulk of the gain, but I rejoice to see that the afflicted North-East Coast has a share in the benefit. If South Wales had shown an improvement our satisfaction would be complete.

Compared with the position a year ago, the facts are distinctly favourable. Then it was universally expected that the three million mark would be reached and passed during the winter.

All ill together

Now, on the brink of another winter, unemployment is below two and three-quarter millions—and is falling. It looks as though we may have stopped the rot. I put it no higher than that.

In holding our own during this critical year, we have done better than either of our two great industrial competitors. Unemployment in the United States is now admitted to have reached the vast total of twelve millions. In Germany it is over six millions.

I derive only a qualified satisfaction from the fact that other people are worse off than we are, for our recovery is ultimately dependent on world recovery. We are all ill together from the same plague, and we have got to get well together by vanquishing the plague. But since the severity of the plague varies, we are entitled to congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are escaping more lightly than others.

Nor is this a merely selfish consideration. Any country that can live through the storm is making it more possible for other countries to live through it.

Take the situation in its broadest outlines. One feeling is common to every nation from China to Peru. It is the necessity of getting out of the morass in which we are all floundering. The notion that one nation can prosper while all the other nations go to the dogs is abandoned.

It was possible to hold that view while the United States and France were booming in the midst of the world depression. But the United States and France know better now. They have both been sucked into the maelstrom with the rest of us, and are as clamorous for a lifebelt as any.

This is an important fact. Hitherto, ever since the War, we have all been out of step, each playing the game of beggar-my-neighbour, under the impression that by beggaring one's neighbour one could benefit one's self.

That illusion has gone. The politicians are slow in recognising that it has gone; but I am talking not of politicians, but of events, and in the end events will dictate policy, however stupid the politicians may be.

How is this new world community motive to take effect? There are two disorders from which human society is suffering—the political disorder and the economic disorder.

It is the latter which is the immediate and visible source of our trouble. International trade which is the lifeblood of the world is drying up. The mechanism of exchange has broken down. The harbours in both hemispheres are filled with ships that are rotting and rusting because there are no goods to carry. Everywhere blast furnaces are damped down and factories are closed or working short time.

Certain follower

This year, allowing for change in currency, our imports are down by 300 millions and our exports are down in the same ratio. And every other nation is in the same, or worse, case. As a result, unemployment is spreading like a upas tree over the earth, and in the wake of unemployment social disorder and revolutionary outbreaks are becoming everywhere more menacing.

But the economic collapse of the world is only a symptom of the political chaos. Take an illustration at our own doorstep.

This mad tariff war between England and Ireland, which is reducing the Irish farmer to bankruptcy and impoverishing many an English business, has nothing to do with economic causes. It is politics pure and simple.

And so with the world generally. It is the political rope that is strangling us all. There are economic explanations of world depression — the currency chaos, the network of tariffs that obstructs trade, problems of over-production and under-consumption.

But these things would all be solved, and solved easily, if the political strain were relieved and the shadow of another world war vanished from the sky.

For proof of this, turn again to the Anglo-Irish trouble. Does anyone suppose that the economic quarrel between the two countries would continue a day if the political issue were eliminated?

And what is true of the Anglo-Irish situation is true of the world situation.

We are all bleeding each other white economically because we are all living in a state of panic politically. Political confidence is as much the basis of world trade as financial confidence is the basis of a bank's stability, and until that confidence is restored commerce will be stagnant and unemployment will widen its devastation.

Saving each other

It is because I believe that this truth is at last being fully appreciated that I venture to think we may be nearer deliverance than appearances would justify us in expecting. We are all on the brink of the abyss together, and the fact that we know that will help us to save each other as the only means of saving ourselves.

And it is political salvation which must pave the way to economic salvation. We are on the eve of the most momentous decisions in history. In a few days the Manchurian crisis will challenge the solidarity of Europe and America in the face of the Japanese claim to establish an Asiatic hegemony by force. And concurrently with this great issue the Disarmament Conference, which is to decide whether Europe is to re-arm for war or disarm for peace, reaches its crisis.

The perils of disaster are great, but I believe they will be overcome. No one wants war—not even Japan. Everyone fears war.

France under Herriot is not the truculent France of Poincaré. Mussolini has ceased his fireworks and has become one of the most potent advocates of peace. America, free from the froth and clamour of its Presidential election, will throw all its powerful influence into the scale of world reconciliation.

It only needs a great lead from this country, which Mr. MacDonald himself should give at Geneva, to win a decisive victory for peace.

If that victory is won, the World Economic Conference will have a relatively easy task. Lay the spectre of war and trade recovery will come and unemployment will pass.

Not from the B.B.C.—

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., fails to—

FIND the LADY

HAND me down my trusty lantern!
As, of old, Diogenes
Went searching Athens for an Honest Man,
I am looking for a girl who does not sag about the knees,
One built upon the splendid, ancient plan.
Whose hips have not been banished,
And who has not lost her chest;
But my hopes have almost vanished,
For it seems a hopeless quest.

What has happened to the women whom we knew in days of old
Ere the fashion was for boyish shapes and slim?
Then the female of the species was a wonder to behold,
Large of bosom, fair of face, and strong of limb.
I am yearning one to capture;
To my cave I'd drag her fast
And paint her in a rapture—
But she's hiding in the Past!

This is indeed a dismal age for an artist, for one can search the ranks of womanhood in vain for a he-man!

I have been commissioned to do mural paintings for the world's biggest building, to be erected in New York; and such a building, in a city associated with Big Business and Big Graft, calls for the Biggest Painting depicting the Biggest Woman.

But where am I to find my model? As I have explained to the Press, "There are no women models of the type I want today. What good to me are the flat-chested, narrow-hipped products of modernity? I want women—women symbolic of their sex as Eve must have been."

My fellow-artist, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, suggests that the trouble is that Hollywood's demand in femininity is for "shrimps" and "freaks" and "ill-formed dwarfs," and that girls all over the world are striving to conform to Hollywooden ideals.

I do not know if this is correct, but I do know that life is very hard when an artist has to fill a wall space 17 ft. by 20 ft. with a painting of Eve, and the only models available are of a type which might be used as paperweights or hung on the watch-chain.

How can anyone who has gazed on the women of Epstein look with pleasure at the hipless and chestless damsels one sees in 'bus and tube? Compare the modern pantomime "boy" with the splendiferous creature who in pre-(Evelyn)-Waugh days inspired us to shout, "Hips! Hips! Hooray!"

My taste in figures is all for multiplication, but the modern girl favours subtraction. She does not seem to mind how much we see of her, but takes care that there is not much to see.

And, alas! she does not seem to be disturbed by my strictures. In fact, one damsel, writing from a School of Science (a girl who meddled with science in my young days would have been bitten to death by savage chaperons), contends that the Eve of my imagination is a myth and that if I met a real Adamite woman I'd feel thankful that London isn't the Garden of Eden.

Dear Mr. Brangwyn, I'm aware
You are an artist fine;
But scientific truth, I fear,
Is not much in your line.
Of Darwin you have surely heard?
But it would seem, you know
Little about the size and shape
Of folks, much nearer to the ape,
In ages long ago.

A really realistic Eve —
Would bring you horrid qualms;
She'd be in height some five-feet-six,
And have enormous arms,
Enormous jaws, a smallish head,
If science tells us true.
If such a model's to be found,
Don't look in 'bus and Underground,
But seek her at the Zoo.

What I Look For In The Ideal Face Powder

By A Bond Street Beauty Specialist

The perfect face powder will stay on all day long whatever you are doing. Wind, rainy weather or even perspiration from sports or dancing will not affect it. It should be so fine and light as to be practically invisible on the face, and contain no gritty particles to enlarge the sensitive skin pores. All these requirements are found in the "Mousse of Cream" face powder.

Mousse of Cream is a marvellous new ingredient now blended by a patented process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes it so amazingly different from all other powders. Poudre Tokalon gives marvellous complexions of youth and beauty, yet perfectly natural looking. The worst greasy skin and shiny nose take on amazing new beauty. Try a shilling box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. If it does not make an immediate and astonishing improvement in your attractiveness money will be refunded without question.

FLAVOUR your SOUPS & STEWS with H.P. sauce

There's nothing like it for making plain fare appetising.

One size only—9d. per large bottle (except in I.F.S.)

Whatever your system needs,

You're bound to benefit from BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD

SURPRISING *discovery about* DIGESTION *of* FOOD

Health Experts Delighted

Scientists find the "Rowntree" kind of cocoa so digestible that it helps the digestion of other food eaten with it.

The new discovery about the digestion of food comes as a genuine surprise to every one, for it reveals the fact that one of the well-known daily beverages contains amazing digestive qualities—it actually helps to digest all food better!

Recent tests made in a famous London hospital have proved that Rowntree's Cocoa is not only easily digested itself—it actually assists in the digestion of all food eaten with it.

By helping you to digest more easily whatever you eat with it, this cocoa helps you to get *more good* from all your food.

A prominent doctor says: "I consider the new discovery of tremendous importance." Your own physician will confirm this.

Start giving your family Rowntree's Cocoa *regularly*. It's a perfect supper-time drink, because it's so digestible. And remember, you yourself will love the delicious flavour of Rowntree's. In ¼-lb. and ½-lb. tins, at 6d. and 11d., with free gift coupons.

A SCHOOL TEACHER says:—"I happened to read about the new discovery in connection with Rowntree's Cocoa, and have proved myself that this cocoa is a wonderful help to digestion. Now, whenever I get the chance, I always tell the children's parents about it. Many of them now give their children Rowntree's regularly, morning and evening."

For Doctors Only

Special care needed for children up to Fourteen

More and more the mothers of to-day are realising the necessity of establishing sound habits during the early years of a child's life. The habit of *good digestion* is now known to be a very important one, and children's meals are planned with this in view.

But the question of *beverages* for children has not been given serious enough attention until now. Some of the daily beverages given to children are heavy and difficult of digestion—that is why the new discovery by one of the leading bio-chemists of Great Britain is so significant. A long series of exact tests has proved that Rowntree's Cocoa is not only easily digested itself, but it actually helps the stomach to digest and assimilate other foods eaten with it.

This new discovery is of immense value to mothers. Cocoa—always a favourite drink with children—is now proved to be an aid to the digestion of their meals.

Members of the medical profession and qualified nurses desiring the scientific evidence on which these statements are based will be sent particulars on request. Write to the makers, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.4, York, giving qualifications.

ROWNTREE'S

Three Free Gift Coupons in every ¼lb tin price 6d.

The digestible Cocoa

CO/434/84

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BIG GRAMOPHONE COMBINE Sensation

The factory of British Homophone at Willesden, London

"Mr. F. Stacey Hooker has made a damning admission . . ."

LAST week 4,000 challenging circulars were distributed throughout the country among shareholders in a company called Gramophone Records, Ltd., of 110, Cannon Street, London.

They emanated from Captain R. T. Parker, of Hillsboro' Road, East Dulwich, and contain a series of striking allegations concerning the conduct of this company's affairs.

In view of the many letters I have received from readers who desire advice in this connection I feel prompted to deal publicly with some of these allegations and to add certain observations of my own.

Gramophone Records, Ltd., was formed in March, 1928, with a nominal capital of £265,000, and placed a most inviting prospectus before the public.

A "clean sheet"

The chairman was Mr. Frederick Stacey Hooker, a financier who has been associated with many companies, some of which have from time to time been subjected to severe criticism and proved unsatisfactory to shareholders.

In addition to other directors, the services of Mr. Adrian Francis Sykes, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., were retained as "technical adviser" at £5,000 a year.

A special feature of the company's business was to be the production and sale of gramophone records that would play twice as long as any standard record now on the market.

These would be made under patents to be acquired from Mr. Sykes, and were claimed to hold numerous advantages. From trade enquiries the directors had satisfied themselves that their long-running records would be welcomed.

One point stressed in the company's favour was that it would start with a "clean sheet" and would not be burdened with a stock of old records made by earlier and out-of-date methods.

Another point was that there would be no costly outlay in putting down plant as a contract had been entered into for all stock to be manufactured by a company called Ebonestos Insulators Ltd. All the new company would require would be a West End showroom, a recording studio and a warehouse.

All this sounded very well in the prospectus, but in the light of subsequent events it stands revealed as just so much window-dressing.

The effect upon the public will be appreciated when I say that most of the £265,000 was subscribed within two days, many people sinking every penny they possessed.

They were told that the estimated profits should be £125,000 a year.

Their feelings to-day may be gauged from a letter from a Bournemouth investor.

"I am only a young man," he writes, "but a very ill one, with a wife and two children. It is hard for me to contain myself. . . . How helpless the ordinary shareholder is. . . ."

In the first few months of the company's history, although investors believed that records were being manufactured under expert supervision and that arrangements were going forward for them to be put on the market, it is now painfully clear that conditions were actually anything but favourable.

Six months after the public had put up its money, events began to take a dramatic turn.

An extraordinary general meeting was held at which it was resolved to amalgamate with another newly-formed public company known as the British Homophone Company, Ltd.

Rosy promises

The authorised capital of this second company was at that time £125,000, but, for the purposes of the amalgamation, it was increased to £500,000.

Mr. Stacey Hooker was, of course, the guiding genius. He still is at the head of affairs to-day.

Once again rosy assurances were given to the investors of the merged companies and big profits were confidently anticipated.

What has happened?

Investors have seen no profits so far, and the affairs of the company were really in a parlous state at the time all these promises were being made.

Within a year, I find, a stormy meeting of the shareholders was held, at which it was actually regretted by one of the company's officials that "the final results should make it appear that the directors had misled the shareholders."

. . . But, apparently, "the directors had found themselves on the horns of a dilemma," it was pleaded.

Whose fault was that, I wonder? Surely not the shareholders'?

It is not surprising that there were turbulent scenes at this meeting, and no small measure of pathos, when some shareholders bewailed the fact that they had parted with their life savings.

In the end, despite all the protests of the directors, a shareholders' committee of enquiry was set up, with power to seek the advice of accountants and of counsel wherever necessary.

I have before me a copy of this committee's report, which is based on months of enquiry.

When the capital was increased the directors claimed to be in a position to supply records manufactured under the company's own control "on a scale large enough to meet the consistently increasing demands."

It is hard to understand what grounds existed to justify this claim, as the company did not then have a factory of its own and there were no arrangements for the immediate supply of satisfactory records, manufactured under its control.

It is a fact, too, the committee's report states, that no records were marketed in any commercial quantities until the company later commenced manufacturing on its own.

Another statement made to shareholders was that there was a revenue surplus more than sufficient to meet the whole of the interest on the preferred ordinary shares. But when they were told this the company's accountants were not consulted.

The truth is that the supposed "revenue surplus" represented profit on a share transaction that had nothing to do with the company's business of record selling.

Though the directors contended that the company had held its own in general trade and was booking good orders, the committee found that the real position was most unsatisfactory.

Quite another aspect which calls for comment concerns the real value of the patent rights. It is now apparent that their value was assessed after only one record had been examined.

Damning

Mr. F. Stacey Hooker has made a damning admission in this connection, agreeing that: "at the time the Gramophone Records, Ltd., prospectus was issued, the long-playing record as described in that prospectus did not have the commercial possibilities originally anticipated."

With regard to the British Homophone Co., shareholders now ask why the board did not instruct the auditors to investigate the commercial value of the long-playing record and the financial position of Gramophone Records, Ltd., *before* amalgamation.

According to the original prospectus of Gramophone Records, Ltd., an arrangement had been made for 200,000 records a month to be manufactured on its behalf by Ebonestos Insulators, Ltd.

But later it was admitted that this company was totally unsuited for the commercial production of records.

This is cheering news for shareholders who now learn that £33,500 of their money was loaned to the Ebonestos concern, without any preliminary investigation by auditors!

Apart from this, practically all the Ebonestos shares were acquired by the company at 7s. a share, although it had been making trade losses for years!

Mystery payment

Then there was trouble with the inventor—Mr Adrian Sykes—for the directors of the new British Homophone Co., Ltd. suddenly stopped his £5,000 a year on the grounds that the inventions were useless.

Litigation followed, as a result of which the company paid Mr. Sykes a substantial sum and, I am glad to say, withdrew all suggestion of anything dishonourable on his part.

Regarding the acquisition of certain property at Stonebridge Park for £28,000, the committee was unable to obtain any satisfactory explanation as to the payment, to some anonymous person, of a commission of £500.

The position to-day is appalling.

Not a penny has yet been paid in profits, and the company's property is mortgaged.

The last report, issued in September, 1931, covered a period of 13 months to the end of March, 1931. This showed a trading loss of £18,842, which included £10,000 written off of non-recurring expenditure.

The total debit balance for the period amounted to £30,582, which, added to the debit balance brought forward, made a total deficit of £64,652.

I certainly think that the shareholders should exercise their privileges under the Companies Act and apply to the Board of Trade to appoint an inspector forthwith to conduct an official enquiry.

SPECIAL WARNING

I AM sorry to say that there is a serious increase in the "employment with investment" swindle.

The advertisement columns of certain well-known daily papers provide the bait, and this is most regrettable.

Many readers have written to me after they have lost their money, but a few have written to me before.

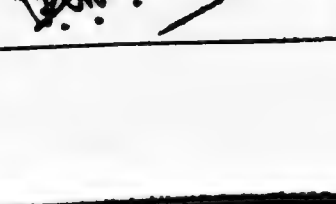
In those cases I have had to send telegrams because part of the scheme necessitates celerity—in other words, the dupe is induced to part with his money before there is time to make any enquiries.

I strongly advise all readers who contemplate such adventures to write to me in the first instance.

It has been my experience during the last few months that I have not come across a single genuine offer, and in every case the firms or individuals have been well known to me as out-and-out swindlers.

If readers do not avail themselves of the wonderful records preserved in this office, they have only themselves to blame.

The motto should be "WRITE TO 'JOHN BULL' BEFORE YOU PART."



FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 2/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 2/11 doz. Genuine Tremois Shirts, 2 Collars, 2/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits. 192-page Cat. free.—MAY (173), George Street, Birmingham.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Ladies' Lovely Necklets, etc., inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 64, King Street, Huddersfield.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

NEW 68-page Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlgs., Post free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. Coats, Dresses, all depts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfcn. guartd. Whsle. only to the Trade. Myers & Co. (L. & E.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

50% PROFIT. Buy Hosiery, Knitwear, Bedding. Cut prices. Money-back guarantee. Catlg. free. London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, W.6.

A1 CHEAPEST Who'esale Warehouse, Drapery, Hosiery. How to start business with £1. Free Cat.—H. Marks, Dept. C., 1, Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample book free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL TASTES. Photographic Calendars, Novelty Calendars, high-class Notepapers, threefold and many other specialities. Highest comm. and special prizes. App.y, Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

TEA AGENTS WANTED. Unique Offer.—Write, MARSHALL, 77, Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.3.

JUST PUBLISHED. John Noble's latest and greatest Book has set everybody talking. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads. Generous Commission for Organisers. Unbeatable Bargains for Members. Estab. over 60 years. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers. Send P.C. NOW for 264-page Free Bargain Guide.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

AGENTS.—Christmas Cards. To be without the SNOWBALL book is like fishing without bait. Easily BRITAIN'S BEST ART WATER COLOUR collection. Charming ANIMAL STUDIES, etc. SENSATIONAL NOVEL INTRODUCTIONS. Book free. Also 3,000,000 Wallets at give-away prices. HERE'S BUSINESS WITH A KICK IN IT. JOIN NOW AND MAKE £3 WEEKLY.—Minster Fine Art Assn., Preston.

AGENTS WANTED, either Sex. BIG PROFITS ASSURED by Selling the Famous CASTLE SERIES CHRISTMAS CARDS. Magnificent Book of Copyright Designs supplied FREE. Highest Commissions and Prizes.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 20, Anchor Court, PRESTON.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS IS INDISPENSABLE AS A MONEY MAKER. THE 27TH ANNUAL ISSUE IS UNSURPASSED AS AN ORDER GETTER, AND CONTAINS REMARKABLE NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, LETTER-RACK, ANIMAL STUDIES, FLORAL AND METAL DESIGNS, HIGH-CLASS NOTEPAPER AND CARDS FOR ALL TASTES AT LOWEST PRICES. ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS OFFER FREE BOOK. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, DEPT. A. COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS (either sex) WANTED for PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Britain's Largest Manufacturers offer FREE Sample Book. NOVEL and ORIGINAL DESIGNS, including SIXTEEN CALENDARS, HAND-MADE GREETING CARDS AND NOTEPAPERS, BLOTTER, BOOKMARK, POCKET CELLULOID CALENDAR; lovely Designs appealing to ANIMAL LOVERS; FLOWERS AND METAL ORNAMENTS. ONLY FIRM OFFERING MAJOLICA PLAQUE AND IMITATION IVORY MINIATURE. Maximum Commission and Prizes for all. Unsolicited testimonials daily arriving from thousands of delighted Agents.—British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 1016, Blackburn.

YOU can make money with our Private Xmas Card Book. 10/- in every £ com. No outlay. No experience. Post Free.—Dept. B., London Card Co., 5, Little Sutton Street, London, E.C.1.

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A CAPITAL IDEA!—If your friends are interested in football, you can do them a good turn and benefit yourself by replying to the advt. of Messrs. Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., on page 2.

FREE.—Parties, how you can earn cash in your spare time, and free copy of handsome new season's Cat., will be sent to readers filling in coupon in Wholesale Supply Assn Advt. on p. 29.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 37-39, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CIVIL SERVICE. For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I., Dept. 311, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

A PAYING Profession—Become a Certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 29. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept (no experience required). Commence over £4 a week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam from B.I.E.T., 29K, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27; height over 5 ft. 9 in.), write for Free Police Handbook to B.T.I., 29B, Oxford St., W.1.

CARNIVAL, Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

RABBIT Nets, Guns, Snares, Ferreting Tackle, Bird, Partridge Nets; Catlg. free; easy payments arranged.—Young's (A.), Misterton, Somerset.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1377 free.—Dudleys, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

THE FAMOUS "Aircraft" Gent's Wrist Watch with new type moving dial for 7/9 only. No hands, no glass. Extremely accurate, shock-proof, won't overwind. Chromium case, complete with strap. 2-year guarantee. Send NOW.—Anglo Aircraft Watch Distributors (Dept. J.B.), 18a, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

READERS should study the exceptional bargains offered by the WITNEY BLANKET CO. in the large advt. on this page. Order with safety direct from these manufacturers.

LOVELY WARM BEDDING

DIRECT FROM THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., WITNEY

GREAT DIRECT SALE OFFER! THE WITNEY WONDER
FOLDING BOX SPRING MATTRESSES

All made in our own Factory by British workers. Packed ready for Delivery.

These Mattresses are well upholstered and covered in Plain or Fancy Ticks. The springs are 7 in. deep —Coppered—and of Best quality. We are offering 200 of these wonderful FOLDING BOX SPRING MATTRESSES, Filled to Government Standard with Linsey Wool. All 6 ft. 2 in. long.

This illustration shows how mattress can be folded if required.

Part Carr. and Packing 3/-

3 ft. or 3 ft. 6 ins.	37/6 each	4 ft. 6 in.	40/- each

Part-Carriage and Packing 3/-
Any special size made to order. The Bargain of a Lifetime.

We have never before offered anything near this value. Post your order now to:—
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

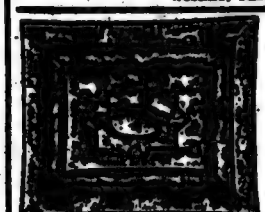
GRAND SALE OF 1,000 WITNEY
FEATHER BEDS

AT VERY LOW SALE PRICES.

Buy from Makers and secure Purity Feathers. Made in our Garden Factory. Ensuring Purity. All full length. Carr. Paid Home. Buy Purity Bedding only.

Sizes	2 ft. 6 in.	3 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.	4 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.
Sale Prices ..	39/6	35/6	42/-	45/-	47/6
Bolsters ..	6/6	7/-	7/6	9/6	10/6
				2 Pillows.	2 Pillows.
Pillows ..	5/-	5/-	5/-	10/-	10/-
The Set ..	41/-	47/6	54/6	64/6	68/-

Beds, Pillows or Bolsters can be purchased singly.
Post your order to THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.



The "Startler" Quilt
FILLED GOOD DOWN.

Lovely Art. Silk Quilt at competitive price. Back self coloured Sateen. Has the appearance and wear of the best. Order early. Colours: Rose, Orange, Rose, Gold, Blue, and Green. Sale Prices.

Single size,	Double size,	Carr.
37/6	45/-	Paid.

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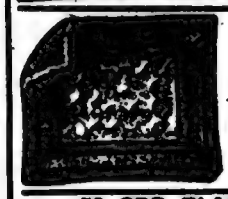
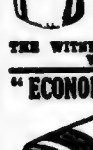


"KAPOK" Down Quilts

These delightful Quilts are filled with pure Kapok Down, which gives warmth without weight—we are offering them in shades of Black or Rose. Full Double Bed size or Single Bed size. (Worth 20/- each.) Post 9d. (Same price for both sizes). Each 10/-
When ordering state size required.
Send your order now to:
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

LOVELY WARM BLANKETS DIRECT FROM WITNEY



Blue Border. Size about 54 x 74 in. These blankets are all perfect and really good all pure wool. Such a bargain has never been obtainable in all wool for the last 20 years.
EACH 5/-
Post 6d.
4 for 20/-, 8 for 40/-, 20 for 97/6. Carr. Paid. Also larger size, about 56 x 86 in. (Blue Border).
2 Blankets for 21/-. Carr. Paid.
Post your orders:
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

"ECONOMY" ALL-WOOL WHITE BLANKETS

Full size about 70 x 90 in. The "Economy" grand all-wool Blanket. Made for lasting wear.
BLUE BORDER.
A GREAT BARGAIN.
20/- PER PAIR
2 PAIRS £2.17.6. Carr. Paid
Post your order to:
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

FACTORY SECONDS OR SLIGHTLY

imperfect, these parcels are Real Bargains and are eagerly sought after when available.

2 GOOD WOOLLEN BLANKETS.
1 Size about 70 x 90 in.
2 Size about 66 x 90 in.
3 BLANKETS FOR £1

2 Ex. R. PARCEL GOOD BLANKETS £1
Size about 80 x 100 in. A GREAT BARGAIN.
Post your order to:
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

50 ODD BLACK SATIN QUILTS.

Filled good Feather Down. Full size. Clearing less than half-price.
Send your orders to:
THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD. (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE. 25/- each Carriage Paid.

THE WITNEY BLANKET CO. LIMITED WITNEY

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60. Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113).

PRINTING.—Lowest prices. 10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/6 1,000. Catalogues. Dup. Books, etc., Samples 2d.—Mead, Room 60, Sandy.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, whole or spare time. Sound proposition, small outlay, good profits. Ask Anvil, Ltd., to send you details. Full address in advt. on page 3.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE! A specimen copy of "THE EXCHANGE & MART," the Wonder Bargain Weekly. Send p.c. to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B.W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL Hats, Novelties, Balloons, Decorations, Bunting, Wigs and Badges.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., London, N.1.

FREE.—Fill in Coupon in Hackney Furnishing advt. on p. 25 for illus. Cat. and full partics. of easy terms and unique Free Insurance Plan.

WHY NOT Billiards or Bagatelle this winter? The finest indoor games. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., are giving away 32 "Home" Billiard Tables. You may be lucky if you answer the advt. on page 2.

AMAZING VALUE in Sheffield Stainless Cutlery. A high-grade 26-piece Canteen is advertised in the "Shop Window" on page 2.

DRESS.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 64, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

THE NU-STYLE AMBRON CORSELETTE for 1/- down. See Ambrose Wilson's advt. on p. 37.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts. Repairs. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuil, 130, Old St., Lon., E.C.1.

BUILD OWN GRAMO. OR RADIO. List of Kits, Cabinets, Motors and Parts FREE. Terms arranged. Instructions 2d.—J. B. Burt, 185, High Street, Deptford, S.E.8.

PIANO-Accordians, Guitars, Concertinas, Ukuleles, Gramos., Jazz, Mandolins, Banjos, Xylophones.—Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

IMPROVE YOUR SET WITH "SELECTOR GUARDS." A combined Aerial Selector, Lightning Arrester and Lead-in Tube. Indispensable addition to every Wireless Set: cuts out interference, cuts out danger. Worth double—price 2/- only.—Contal Radio, Ltd., Regency House, 1/4, Warwick Street, Regent Street, W.1.

IF you have Electricity in your house, send for our Mains Radio Catalogue (M.28); if not, send for our Battery Catalogue (B.28); both showing 14 of the latest Radio Sets and Radiograms from 75/-. Any set supplied on payment of small Deposit and easy monthly instalments. Catalogues Post Free. Write to-day to Regent Radio, Ltd., 4, Golden Square, London, W.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA—BUY DIRECT. Indian and Ceylon Blended, 4 lb. 4/4, 10 lb. 10/-. Carr. pd. Special quotation for large quantities, and packet teas. —Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA, WHOLESALE, 9d. lb., 20 lb. 15/6. Special 2/- Tea, 9 lb. 11/2. TEA DUST, 10 lb. 6/3. Samps. free.—SIZER, 182/4, Roman Rd., Bow, E.3.

MEDICAL. CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/8 for generous supply, or 11d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (423G.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "O," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for FREE booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA.— Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet. — Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

FOR NEURITIS AND RHEUMATISM, ETC. TRY ST. MARY'S OIL.
Gives early relief and eventually cures. 2/- per bottle.—St. Mary's Oil Co., Pydew, Llandudno Junction. May be obtained also through Boots'.

READERS' attention is drawn to the interesting advt. of BOOTS THE CHEMISTS and the wonderful service rendered by them to the millions of customers whom they serve every year. This appears on p. 12.

STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK, "Hints to Mothers," will be sent free to all readers mentioning *John Bull*. See advt. on p. 14.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of "Roboleine" will be sent to readers filling in coupon on p. 32.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS can obtain a free sample of DE WITT'S PILLS. See p. 41.

CATARRH SUFFERERS should write to "NOSTROLINE," Dept. J3, Clifton, Bristol, for a free sample. See p. 42.

RUPTURE. Read about the new Blunden Appliance described on page 2. You are offered 7 days' free trial.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per returns. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's Headrow, Leeds.

You need "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it FREE! Send postcard for specimen copy to J.B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

LIVE RATS ARE DEAD RATS IN ONE NIGHT WITH RODINE. A CUSTOMER PICKED UP 61 DEAD RATS AFTER LAYING DOWN RODINE. 7½d. & 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
You can't stop eating them.
Must be DUKE'S.

KEEP YOUR TROUSERS PERMANENTLY CREASED with the "Ke-Pa-Krees" Stretcher illustrated on page 3. This wonderful British invention costs only 1/6 and gives a service equal to a guinea Trouser Press.

NURSES and doctors can obtain scientific evidence of the dietary value of ROWNTREE'S COCOA.—Write, giving qualifications, to Dept. J.B.4, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 16.

ENTER THE £800 PRESERVENE COMPETITION on p. 30. No entrance fee. Nothing to buy! Women readers can also secure a free pair of beautiful "Dulseco" Stockings.

FREE.—Send for the Sun-Maid Recipe Booklet, containing nearly 100 recipes. Write, Dept. J.B. 17, Producers' Internatl. Sales Assn., Ltd., 39, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See p. 34.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER. A large tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is offered on p. 27. Fill in coupon and PIN a 1½d. stamp.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "SNOW" advt. on p. 39. Use the coupon as an order form.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent free to readers filling in coupon on p. 28.

SLIMMING SIMPLIFIED.—The Marmola Co. offer a two-days' sample and free booklet on p. 37. Simply fill in coupon.

The Kidnapping of Kitchener Sparkes

A MONSTROUS BOARD OF CONTROL OUTRAGE

LORD BADEN-POWELL recently held a county review of Boy Scouts at Ipswich, Suffolk.

In the personal guard of honour selected for him was a stalwart youth named Kitchener Sparkes.

After the parade, the Chief Scout inspected an exhibition of handicrafts, and again he had reason to observe this young man. He saw a collection of beautiful wood carvings made by him, and stood to admire him plying mallet and chisel in a demonstration of woodworkers' skill.

Neither Lord Baden-Powell nor the thousands of members of the public who attended the rally and display were aware of one fact concerning this tall, handsome Scout, whose proficiency and high intelligence were manifest not only by his public performance, but also by the clusters of badges on his uniform.

It was that Kitchener Sparkes has been for seven years a prisoner in a lunatic asylum and cannot get his freedom.

Thousands of holiday makers who were at the East Coast resort of Felixstowe during a recent month saw the daily spectacle of a 25-ft. speed-boat shooting across the harbour bar and bouncing and curvetting far out at sea under perfect control.

And hundreds of these visitors at other times went on fifteen miles sea and river excursions in motor-boats piloted by the bronzed young man of the racing speed-boat.

They may have known that his name was Kitchener Sparkes. But they were not aware that he was on a month's leave from an asylum and was using the opportunity to demonstrate his sanity and capacity to obtain employment.

Kitchener Sparkes, a sane, bright lad, yet he must remain a prisoner of the Surrey Board of Control

Not abnormal

Eighteen years old, Kitchener Sparkes is not and never has been in any way insane or defective.

He has been just one of the thousands of victims who are seized when children by agents of the Board of Lunacy Control to fill the asylums of the country so that the existence and vast expenditure of this terrible bureaucracy may appear to be justified.

There is no release for these young captives. Like Kitchener Sparkes, however competent they may be to take their places in the outside world, they enter manhood and womanhood still in the bondage of the asylums. So loose are the lunacy laws that there is no judge or tribunal to whom appeal can be made for their liberty.

The Board of Control is omnipotent. No one can challenge its agents in their grisly work of filching backward or high-spirited children from working-class homes to pack the asylums and keep them prisoners for life.

When Kitchener Sparkes was eleven, he played truant from school, raided an orchard and played pranks with the tools and other property of some workmen engaged in house-building near his home in Felixstowe.

He certainly stole from the apple trees, but the other things he hid in a hollow tree and found fun in watching the workmen searching for them.

Sparkes was brought before the court for his misdemeanours, and, as always happens in cases of the kind, a lunacy representative attended. He persuaded the justices to remand the boy "for observation."

The supposed observation was carried out at a workhouse, twenty miles from the boy's home, and there he was detained for five weeks in the company of adult paupers, tramps and the like.

So terrible and alarming were the lad's sufferings in this place that he was driven to escape. After tramping miles towards his home he was recaptured at a farmhouse where he sought shelter, and was taken back to the workhouse

At the end of the five weeks his mother was informed that a certain certificate had been signed and that he would be kept in an institution for five years, until he was sixteen, for disciplinary purposes.

To her horror, she soon learned the truth. Her boy had been certified as a mental defective and consigned to an asylum at Colchester, Essex.

Vain pleading

In vain she pleaded with magistrates, the police, clergymen and private doctors to use their influence to have this awful stigma removed and her son restored to her.

They could do nothing. Once the Board of Control has marked down a child as an asylum recruit, the boy or girl is in its servitude for ever, and no human agency can interfere.

In the asylum school, young Sparkes quickly revealed that far from being mentally afflicted, he was a brilliant boy both in scholarship and sport.

He went into the town daily on domestic errands for the headmaster, whose testimonial to his ability is before us, and was allowed to attend an outside kinema unaccompanied, and even to make 'bus journeys of sixty miles alone.

Also he joined a Colchester troop of Boy Scouts and passed proficiency test after test with ease.

Still the Board of Control would not remove his label of mental deficiency or give him his freedom.

His sixteenth birthday came and his family prepared to welcome him home after his five years' imprisonment. His old bedroom was decorated and refurnished, and his mother, his brothers and sisters and relatives had arranged a party.

They did not know that the Board of Control does not so easily surrender its prisoners.

When Kitchener reached the age of sixteen he was not released, long and terrible though the punishment for his boyish offences had been.

The authorities merely had him re-certified, so that they could detain him for the rest of his life. Then they transferred him to the main part of the asylum to live among adult imbeciles and lunatics

When Mrs. Sparkes tried to challenge this brutal action, she met only with insult and ridicule.

She was told that a lunacy spy, in the person of a woman welfare worker, had been investigating her circumstances and had reported that it would be inadvisable to return the boy to her because she occupied only two rooms and he would be better off in the asylum

This was monstrously untrue. Mrs. Sparkes occupied a house of eight rooms, as well and cosily furnished as any working-class home.

Next she pleaded to have her son independently medically examined so that his sanity could be proved. The authorities replied that the law does not grant this right and that in any case they would disregard any reports by outside doctors in the boy's favour.

Skill discounted

So Kitchener Sparkes has remained an asylum captive—one of a multitude of young people similarly confined by as vicious a bureaucracy as has ever been known.

In each of the two years since then Sparkes has been allowed a month's leave from the asylum, where he is now employed as a wood carver. His work is sold, but he receives only twopence per week as wages.

On each of these holidays he has found ready employment as a motor-boat pilot, and this year was also privately engaged by a London business man as pilot of his racing speed-boat.

When these facts were reported to the asylum officials, the mother was informed that they counted for nothing, and that "anyone with only the brains of a monkey" could show these accomplishments

A few days ago, Mrs. Sparkes was able to get her son out from the asylum for the day. Unknown to the authorities, she took him to London and had him examined by an eminent mental specialist.

Certified sane

The youth was subjected to prolonged and searching tests, and the famous doctor gave a certificate that he was normal in every respect and that there was not the slightest reason why he should be held in a lunacy institution.

When the mother took her son back to the asylum with this certificate the document was treated with derision.

Kitchener Sparkes, she was told, will remain a prisoner for so long as the lunacy bureaucrats choose. They will suffer no dictation or challenge, nor listen to any appeal.

And Kitchener Sparkes is only one of countless boys and girls and young men and women locked up in the asylums who will never know liberty until public opinion compels the revision of the laws which are being exploited to make such atrocities possible.

A WINNER'S MASCOT

SIX months after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert Hughes, of 13, Seaview Avenue, Eastham, Wirral, have received their most welcome wedding present—from JOHN BULL. By his success in the JOHN BULL Crossword No. 185 Mr. Hughes wins a lump sum of £300 and a pension of 30s. a week for life.

A JOHN BULL representative who visited the neat little semi-detached country villa where Mr. and Mrs. Hughes live was told a story of the courage and faith of a young couple who saved hard, bought their own little house, furnished it and married in a time of depression.

Mr. Hughes, who is twenty-six years of age, had just returned from the Manchester Ship Canal, where he is employed in the Civil Engineering Department as a joiner's assistant.

"This money is a god-send," he said. "We put all our savings into buying the home, and since we have been married I have had a 10s. cut in wages.

"I have been a regular competitor in the JOHN BULL crosswords, and only three weeks ago my wife, hearing the postman at the door, said to me, 'There's a surprise for us.' I went—and found income-tax forms!

"When the JOHN BULL letter arrived this week I let it wait in the hall for half an hour before I went downstairs. It came as a wonderful surprise, as I had not checked my entry."

Mr. Hughes said he had been sending entries to JOHN BULL crosswords for three years.

"I do the solutions myself," he added.

"And I buy the postal orders," Mrs. Hughes interposed with a smile.

The young couple are justifiably proud of their cosily furnished little house, on which they have been working since their marriage. Both are keen gardeners, and Mr. Hughes was very proud of his potato crop to date—6 cwt.

By a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Hughes has had a china figure of John Bull, complete with his bulldog, since he was a boy. It now occupies an honoured niche on the mantelshelf.

WINNERS PAID NEXT FRIDAY!

No. 1.—"YOUR MAGIC CLEANSER."

Mrs. L. Holmes, 165, Edgar Street, Hereford:—"Washing day is always a pleasure to me since I used your Preservene Soap, as I can get the washing all done in a short time, and above all without any toil and hard work. I have stood at the wash tub hour after hour. I put the water in the boiler, shred the Preservene Soap in the water and put in the white clothes, boil them twenty minutes, as your directions state, and take them out, rinse them, and they look quite as white and lovely as the day I brought them out of the shop. There is something else, too, the clothes last twice as long, as the scrubbing and rubbing on the boards makes the clothes wear threadly. I have been a user of your magic cleanser soap between five and six years, and as long as I am able to wash I shall always use Preservene Soap. It is ideal for blankets and all bad clothes, and suds left from the washing can be used for a great many things because it never fails to give satisfaction whatever it is used for in the way of cleaning or washing. Wishing your wonderful Soap every success in the future. Never, never will I wash again without my ever helpful sweet smelling Preservene."

No. 2.—"PRESERVENE EFFECTS A 27½% ANNUAL SAVING ON LINEN, ETC."

Mrs. E. J. Mair, The Gables, Lonyside, Aberdeen, Scotland:—"I have very great pleasure in participating in your Competition re Preservene Soap, and, at the same time, I take the liberty of offering you another tribute to the wonderful cleansing and saving properties of your Soap. If I may be allowed to offer criticism, there is one aspect of the value of the Soap to which enough prominence is not given. I refer to the great financial saving in linen and underclothing which is effected by using Preservene. For my own information and amusement, I have kept an account since my marriage of the annual cost of bed and table linen and underclothing, and since I started to use Preservene my annual expenditure has been reduced by almost 27½%. The great financial saving thus effected would amply justify the use of the Soap, apart altogether from the benefits to be derived from its miraculous cleansing properties."

No. 3.—"I CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF YOUR SOAP."

Mrs. F. K. Ewers, 19, Cherwell Terrace, Banbury, Oxon.:—"I am writing to let you know what I think of Preservene Soap. I have been using so many so-called 'Labour Savers' without much benefit to myself, that I really did not think there would be much difference in Preservene Soap; but I said to my husband: 'I will try this soap, but only with the rough clothes,' which were exceedingly dirty. I was amazed after letting them boil for twenty minutes to see them perfectly clean after being rinsed. My next test was with a dirty carpet, and after treating it with the soap, the result was the same—absolutely clean. I have tested it with woollens, and silks; it does not injure the most delicate fabrics. There is another great asset with Preservene Soap, it does not hurt the hands. I have made soap jelly and washed the leather on furniture with excellent results. I cannot speak too highly of your soap. I have recommended it to all my friends, knowing full well that 'once used, always used.'"

No. 4.—"THERE IS NO RUBBING OR SCRUBBING."

Mrs. Knight, 44, Almond Street, Derby:—"I have used Preservene Soap now for a long time. I honestly say I cannot find another kind to come up to it for labour saving. I do my washing in the usual way—fill my copper with water and shred a small portion of soap into it, put my white clothes into it, let them boil for twenty minutes, take them out and rinse them, first in clear water, secondly in blue water, and hang out to dry. With the suds left over I do woollens and coloureds without any fear of shrinking or fading. Everything seems to have a freshening smell and there is no rubbing or scrubbing. For woodwork, floors, dirty sinks and lavatory basins it has no equal. No cracked or chapped hands, and as a toilet soap it is as good as any I have used, no smarting face, but fresh and smooth afterwards. You can make wash day easy day by using Preservene."

No. 5.—"I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT IT NOW."

Mrs. E. Meill, 31, Queen's Road, Windsor, Berks:—"I have been going to write you for a long time in praise of your soap. Having been in hospital with neuritis and arthritis in my hand, I was told by the doctor and sister there never to do anything where there was water being continually used; but I now do my washing and all the woollen and coloured clothes with Preservene. When cold it goes to a jelly and it's fine for washing paintwork or cleaning oilcloths, as it does not destroy the pattern. I have cleaned mats with it and dressers that one usually sends to the dyers to be cleaned. When I lived away from here my neighbours used to wonder how I got my clothes out so early, I said: 'If you use Preservene you could do the same.' I have told many women here, and the milkman's wife, who has a family of ten, is using it now. People laugh at me when I tell them I never rub my white clothes; they can't understand it; but I tell them to try Preservene then they wouldn't want to laugh, but think what a wonderful soap it is themselves."

No. 6.—"I HAVE NO OTHER SOAP IN OUR HOUSE."

Mrs. D. Radcliffe, 67, Oriel Road, Bootle, Liverpool:—"It gives me much pleasure in sending you this little note of appreciation regarding Preservene Soap. The woman who did my washing was ill, and I could not get anyone else at the time, so had to do it myself, but felt very tired and cross when finished, and the skin on my hands was in a terrible way. After reading about your soap, I decided I would try it, but without much confidence, as every advertised 'soap' is supposed to do wonders. To my astonishment, I was finished in half the time, the clothes were wonderfully white and sweet and my hands had suffered no ill effects at all. Since then I have no other soap in our house. We use it for everything, and I always do the washing myself now and find it no trouble at all, which (before using Preservene Soap) used to be a task I dreaded."

No. 7.—"I SHALL ALWAYS USE IT, IF IT IS DOUBLE THE PRICE."

Mrs. Lakin, 58, Church Lane, Aston, Birmingham, Warwicks:—"I feel I must write and tell you about the merits of your wonderful Preservene Soap. I have been a constant user for over sixteen years, but never until to-day have I had the pluck to use it as directed. But being at my wits end this morning, I thought I would try your way. I lit the furnace fire, and while it was getting hot, I sorted my white clothes, and shredded a bar of Preservene Soap in the copper; then I thought here goes, so I put them in and boiled them for twenty minutes. I took them out and rinsed them through two waters and they were beautiful and white. Then I put the shirts in and they came out the same. It was simply marvellous. I have done nothing else all the afternoon but sing its praises to all my customers and shall continue to do so. I shall always use it if it is double the price."

No. 8.—"FAR SURPASSES ANY OTHER SOAP I HAVE TRIED."

Mrs. E. Douglas, 122, Croydon Road, Reigate, Surrey:—"I should like to add my testimony to the value of Preservene Soap which I have used regularly for the last three years in the weekly wash. It far surpasses any other soap I have tried, the snowy whiteness of the 'white things' is most gratifying, and the delightful colour and softness of woollies very comfortable to wear. For blankets, the ease and efficiency of the Preservene method is beyond praise, to say nothing of the saving of time and effort and wear and tear of the articles thus treated; while a bar of the jellified soap (after boiling) is a most handy 'stand-by' for general purposes. I rejoice in the invention every time I use it."

No. 9.—"HOW I KNOW THAT WASHING DRUDGERY IS ENDED FOR ME."

Mrs. D. M. Giles, 1a, Barnsley Buildings, Charlestown, Shipley, Yorks.:—"I feel that the least I can do is to send you a word of appreciation—wonderful. But here let me hasten to apologise for the things I have said about you after reading your claims, and before trying Preservene. Now, after proof, I am compelled to take back all I said (although you never heard it), and I am very pleased to do so, as now I know the washing drudgery is ended for me and for every other woman who takes my tip and gives Preservene a trial. I, like thousands of other women, had been misled by various kinds of washing magic, but still had the rubbing and scrubbing to do to get satisfaction. Never again the breaking back and aching arms; Preservene for me every time. Often have I read your advertisement but never have I dreamed the truth behind them. Accept my gratitude, and use this as you wish. I feel I would like to tell every woman in England about Preservene, but I cannot, and shall have to be content with hoping that they will do as I did, buy a bar, and follow the instructions."

No. 10.—"I HAVE PROVED IT TO BE THE EASIEST, CHEAPEST, QUICKEST AND CLEANEST."

Mrs. O. M. Hooker, 48, Bonchurch Road, Elm Grove, Brighton, Sussex:—"I would like you to know I have tried and tested every soap on the market (including Preservene Soap) in search for the best. I can truly say Preservene has proved its merits. I conclude that it is the very best in every possible way. It saves time, labour, money. I have proved it to be the cheapest, easiest, quickest and cleanest. Needs no powders. It boils very dirty linen quite clean and white, leaving no dirty marks. It will wash the finest white silk splendidly, will wash flannels and woollens, making them soft and fleecy, and will wash thick heavy very dirty greasy overalls perfectly, and does not cause the colour to run or fade. No rubbing or scrubbing is needed, therefore the clothes do not wear out so quickly."

£500 OFFERED IN PRIZES

NO ENTRANCE FEE

Not even a coupon or a wrapper.

Closes Mid-day, Thursday, Nov. 17th.

Cheques will be posted to prize-winners on Friday, Nov. 18th.

The First Three Prizes will be

1st £100: 2nd £50: 3rd £25

but these amounts will be doubled in each case where one of these prize-winners happens to have a whole bar of Preservene in the house, and is able to produce it immediately for inspection when our representative calls. If, therefore, the first prize-winner has a whole bar of Preservene in the house when our representative calls she will receive a cheque for £200 instead of £100. The second prize-winner in the same way would receive £100 instead of £50, and the third prize-winner would receive £50 instead of £25. This doubling only applies to the first three prizes. *There will be*

NUMEROUS OTHER PRIZES TO THE VALUE OF £150

This competition is NOT open to men.

Closing Mid-day Thursday (Nov. 17th)

PLEASE POST YOUR ENTRY TO-DAY.

The names and addresses of Cash Prize-winners will be published in "The Daily Mail" on Saturday, Nov. 19th.

★ ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to read carefully through the ten Testimonials on the left and right hand sides of this page. Against the word "FIRST" on the voting coupon put the number of the Testimonial which you consider would be the most likely to persuade you to give the Preservene Method of Washing a trial. Note that each Testimonial is numbered. Then put opposite the word "SECOND" the number of your second choice, and so on for the ten places shown on the voting coupon.

Now print your full name and address clearly in block letters in the spaces provided on the voting coupon. Then cut out the voting coupon and post it in a gummed-down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp, addressed as follows:—

PRESERVENE COMPETITION,
154, CLAPHAM PARK ROAD,
CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.4
(Comp.).

IMPORTANT.—Competitors must put the first four numbers of their selection in order on the top left-hand corner of the back of the envelope containing their entry.

REMEMBER!

it is not necessary to buy a bar of Preservene to enter this competition, but—the first three prizes will be DOUBLED in each case where the prize-winner is able to produce a whole bar of Preservene Soap for inspection by our representative when he calls.

If you don't get the results indicated by these Testimonials, you can only blame bad colouring of your boiler, or your failure to soften the water properly, or your failure to follow directions on wrapper.

£1,000 GUARANTEE

that these letters are genuine, unsolicited and unbribed and that no money has been paid for them. We have over 10,000 of such Testimonials on our files, which are open to inspection by any genuine inquirer at our offices in Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE JUDGING.

The judging will be carried out by two advertising experts, whose names and addresses will be published with the prize list, in conjunction with Mr. A. E. Whitelaw, of Fleming and Whitelaw. Those competitors whose selections most nearly agree with the judges' selection in order of merit will be the prize-winners. The Manager's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into and no interviews granted. In the event of a tie the prize money will be divided.

This competition is not open to members of our staff.

A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL "DULESCO" STOCKINGS IS OFFERED TO EVERY COMPETITOR

whose first number on her voting coupon corresponds with the first number of the judges' selection, providing one 3d. stamp or two 1½d. stamps are attached to the coupon.

The colours of the stockings are Gun Metal, Light Brown, Beige, Nude, or Grey, and the sizes are 9, 9½ and 10. Please state size and colour required in space provided on voting coupon.

IMPORTANT

These competitors wishing to enter only for the cash and other prizes to be awarded in this competition and not desiring to have also the chance of winning a pair of these stockings, are not required to affix any stamps whatever to their coupon. All entries received, whether containing stamps or not, are eligible to compete for the cash and other prizes to be awarded.

The stocking offer does not apply to competitors in the Irish Free State.

FILL IN AND CUT OUT NOW!

VOTING COUPON

First ..... Sixth .....
Second ..... Seventh .....
Third ..... Eighth .....
Fourth ..... Ninth .....
Fifth ..... Tenth .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

STATE WHETHER MRS. OR MISS.

Please use BLOCK letters. (J.B., 12. 11. 32.)

For Competitors wishing to qualify for STOCKINGS (see above)

Colour

Size

All competitors who wish to qualify for the stocking offer (see above) in addition to the competition must gum either a 3d. stamp here or two 1½d. stamps. Please gum stamp or stamps by the corner only, and if two 1½d. stamps are used, please affix them separately so that they do not stick to one another.

Large demand for stockings will delay posting about a week.

SAVE MONEY!

With a "3½d. *Workless* Washday"

Preservene is highly concentrated. That is why half a bar is sufficient for an average family wash for four people. The other half can be used for the next week's wash or for general household or to let use. A half bar will act effectively in five gallons of soft water. If the water is hard be sure to soften it with common washing soda or borax.

There is no rubbing with Preservene—no standing over a steaming copper. The hands need not touch the water except to rinse. The clothes are merely boiled for twenty minutes. You will be surprised when you see them after rinsing—snowy white and spotlessly clean.

Coloureds, woollens and silks will wash perfectly in suddy Preservene water taken from the copper and cooled down.

PRESERVENE SOAP

Saves 1/- each wash — *Saves 3 hours work*

Preservene is stocked by practically every grocer and stores throughout Great Britain.

FLEMING & WHITELAW, AUSTRALIA HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

All entries must be addressed: Preservene Competition, 154, Clapham Park Road, Clapham, London, S.W.4 (Comp.).

ATROCIOUS SHIPPING Scandal

"The last voyage was both difficult and dangerous, and all hands had to turn to in the hold to trim ship"

EMPLOYMENT conditions in the Mercantile Marine have rarely been worse than they are to-day, and they are not likely to improve while such firms as the St. Baldred Shipping Co., Ltd., are allowed to operate.

Indeed, from facts before us, it is clear that this concern, which boasts offices in Newcastle, has been exploiting officers and seamen by making a substantial cash investment a necessary qualification when appointments have been offered.

The experiences of some employees, who have been driven in desperation to agree to this condition in order to secure work, have been appalling.

One is a marine engineer who got into touch with the St. Baldred Shipping Co., Ltd., through an advertisement and was offered an appointment on a coasting boat if he would agree to invest £200.

He was promised a salary of £5 a week and interest at 5 per cent. on his money. The job was represented to be a very sound one, with the prospect of being home every fortnight or so.

As he was nearly sixty, and had been unemployed for over twelve months, the engineer, Mr. William Mercer, of Ilford, Essex, decided that the offer was too attractive to be lost.

Rough passage

He had to raise a mortgage on his home in order to make up the money demanded, but in due course an agreement was signed and everything seemed to be in order.

The company, he was given to understand, owned two vessels, the *Horsham* and the *Norham*. At first it was said that his appointment was to be to the *Horsham*, but as this vessel was in Brussels at the time the agreement was signed, he was asked to make a trip to London as chief engineer in the *Norham*.

After five days with this ship, for which he received no pay, Mr. Mercer was ordered to proceed to Newcastle to join the *Horsham*, which had just come from Brussels.

For the next five months he had a strenuous life. Trips were made to Antwerp and round the coast, and then they sailed for Stornoway, in the Orkney Islands.

This last voyage was both difficult and dangerous. Wintry conditions prevailed and the vessel, being only half loaded, rolled alarmingly.

The cargo shifted, and all hands, including Mr. Mercer and his skipper, Captain Murdoch, had to turn to in the hold to trim ship.

They had sailed in a gale, and though their voyage should ordinarily have occupied two days, such fierce storms were encountered that the *Horsham* was held up for several days off the Pentland Firth. Shelter had finally to be sought in Loch Erriboll.

As no wireless transmitter was carried, the world remained ignorant of the vessel's fate. She was actually reported in the Press as having disappeared mysteriously after leaving the Tyne, and grave anxiety was expressed for the safety of the crew.

Mr. William Mercer, victim of a strange maritime mystery

When the *Horsham* eventually made Stornoway, ten days overdue, she had lost an anchor and had to lie up for several days.

The return voyage, though accomplished in three days, was not without hazard, for the vessel was empty and was even without ballast.

And what was the reward for this prolonged ordeal?

When the weary captain, chief engineer and crew stepped ashore in Newcastle, they learnt with disgust that the company would not even pay their wages!

The seamen promptly sued for their money, but although they were successful in obtaining judgment nothing was at first forthcoming.

Meanwhile, the captain and the engineer were pressing for their money, and ultimately, after litigation and a delay of six months, the *Horsham* was seized and sold for debt.

All Mr. Mercer received out of the proceeds was £12 15s. 11d. for six weeks' strenuous work, and he had been obliged to buy all his own food.

He immediately wrote to Mr. Arthur Tate, the managing director of the St. Baldred Shipping Co., Ltd., for an explanation, but his letter was ignored.

When he came to compare notes with Captain Murdoch, he made the amazing discovery that this officer was also a victim, having parted with £500 to secure command of the *Horsham*.

Then it was found that a seaman named Smith had put £100 into the company to get *his* job!

Mr. Mercer was at a loss to know what to do. He could get no replies to his letters to the company and there seemed small prospect of recovering his full wages—far less the £200 investment.

So, hearing that the *Norham* was in the London docks, he went down to make some enquiries. He found that the crew of this second vessel were short of food and on the point of striking for their wages.

Doubtful concern

Such is the disgraceful treatment meted out to people who have invested money in this unsatisfactory shipping concern. From enquiries we have made it is clear that Mr. Tate has a poor reputation in matters of this kind.

We know of one case where a seaman felt so bitterly over his experience that he actually complained to the Newcastle police.

It was there pointed out to him, however, that the company's operations could be only a matter for civil action.

Investigate!

Complaints have also reached Lloyd's in London, where enquiries have been made following new attempts on the part of this concern to secure investing seamen.

In view of all these facts, we urge the Mercantile Branch of the Board of Trade to investigate the inner affairs of the St. Baldred Shipping Co., Ltd., without delay.

GROUND-RENT Bombshell

THE members of the Halifax and District Band of Hope Union, a well-known temperance organisation, of Market Street, Halifax, have received a nasty shock.

They are being forced to abandon headquarters which they have occupied for more than half a century, and on which they have expended large sums of money

The indignation which they feel will be easily understandable when it is known that an incredibly excessive demand for ground rent is responsible for their enforced move.

When the premises were first acquired the ground rent was £5 5s. a year. In 1908 this was increased to £26.

The lease expired on June 30 last and was renewed on the same terms. Then the other day, like a veritable bombshell, a solicitor's letter arrived intimating that in future £250 would be required yearly.

* * *

In acquiring and improving these headquarters, the union has laid out something like £4,260. It had to raise the bulk of this through a building society, and it was not until 1908 that this was cleared off.

In spite of all this outlay, it is now to be homeless, and there will be all the fresh expense of finding alternative headquarters.

The union might have stayed on and struggled through somehow by doubling the rentals of all its sub-tenants. But this it refuses to do, preferring not to save itself at the expense of others.

The property in question is held under the Ecclesiastical Commissioners by Bishop Frodsham, Vicar of Halifax, and it would be interesting to learn how this sudden demand for an increase in ground rent—which amounts to nearly 1,000 per cent.—is justified.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

HEART-HUNGER

AMONG the many people who write to me, but whom I have never met, there are some whose reflections on life seem to me worth broadcasting to the world, though it is unlikely that they ever will be.

A working man out of employment tells me he has lived long enough to realise the illusion of hoping for a time to come when happiness will be attainable through change of circumstances. He smiles at himself sometimes when he recalls the intensity with which he used to pursue that will-o'-the-wisp.

But is it a will-o'-the-wisp? I do not think so. A will-o'-the-wisp is a proverbial expression for a dancing gleam that lures its followers to destruction. Tennyson represents King Arthur as warning his knights against forsaking plain humdrum duty "to follow wandering fires, lost in a quagmire."

To try our best to improve our circumstances is not necessarily to make the mistake of believing that happiness is a matter of having rather than being. Happiness is the normal accompaniment of doing the best we can with circumstances as they arise, and the greater part of these is directly or indirectly concerned with bodily needs.

Nor is it a wrong thing for people to want to be happy or to seek happiness. Trained and experienced students of human nature are now telling us very plainly that human beings cannot live without happiness.

If they do not seek it in one way, they are bound to seek it in another; if they do not find it in the service of high ideals they are likely to look for it in lower ones.

The difference between good men and bad men is mainly a difference in the ways in which they pursue happiness.

To hunt for happiness directly, to think of little or nothing else, to make it the all-absorbing aim of our lives, is to be certain to miss it. It is not to be won that way, but by increasing the number of our interests, and the more unselfish these are, the purer the happiness they command.

The need for happiness is fundamental; it is a real hunger of the human heart that must be satisfied in one way or another, or life would be unendurable.

Perhaps a better name for the happiness that is best worth having is zest. The happiest people are those who throw themselves with zest into some form of service for the common welfare.

It may be of a very simple kind, like turning the mangle or holding the baby to help a tired wife, or it may be co-operating with others in the culture of hope and beauty in one or more of their myriad forms.

Mere sensuous pleasure and excitement may drug an anxious and despondent mind; a lofty purpose will lighten it.

A Lincolnshire gardener writes to me on his eightieth birthday. He has worked hard for his living all his days since childhood, and does so still. He has a poetic mind, and here is one verse in which he expresses the faith that sustains him in his old age:

"We turn our back on the darkness
To catch the glow of evening
As twilight lights with its glory
Where the autumn tints abound:
And we see a hopeful picture
In each tender, quivering leaflet
As the splendour of the sunset
Sheds a halo all around."

A man of such a spirit has no need to envy anyone on earth.

1918–1932 . . . and still they see . . .

THIS week, for most of us, is a week of memories.

We think with deep gratitude of the peace that came to a war-weary nation fourteen years ago, and, though a prayer may never pass our lips on any other day during the year, on Armistice Day we bless the name of the men who made that peace possible by their sacrifice.

When comes again this hallowed day of memories
Do they not come—and wait?
Waiting the moment when Earth's very breath seems hush'd
In memory.
Her wounds reopen, her heart-beats toll as the very knell that ushers in the Silence.
When bows each head in reverential thankfulness, those Glorious Dead, they hear! they wake!
This is their *moment. Then they fall back, content.*
A Nation mourns, and by her tears keeps all their memories green.

But to many a hundred thousand—fathers, mothers, wives—Armistice Week is but another of the crosses they have been called upon to bear. For them Peace is not the watch-word, but the loss of loved ones.

Without peace

Remembrance of the death of a dear one caught in the horrid jaws of War stabs them anew. Not for them forgetfulness—Time brings no healing in its chain.

They are members of the Army that cannot forget; and by their side, in spirit, march the war-wrecked ex-Servicemen — in step with the phantoms that hold them in a thrall beside which the worst slavery imaginable would be a yoke easy to bear.

There are men to-day whose nerves are so torn by the experiences they underwent during the War that when the maroons go off this Armistice Day—the maroons that herald in the Silent Tribute to Peace—they cower in terror, rush to hide anywhere for fancied security.

Some have been known to throw themselves full-length, the while their fingers tear desperately at the carpet or oilcloth—back again in that awful past when life itself depended upon their ability to scratch with an entrenching-tool a few inches of mud behind which they could escape a bullet.

Fourteen — fifteen — sixteen — seventeen years ago? For them Time has stood still, will always stand still from the moment when war's fearful printing-press stamped them indelibly. Forget? Not for a day can they escape the harvest they reaped—the price they pay because the Dread Harvester passed them by with a grim chuckle.

Shattered

Death? They'd far rather, some of them, have death than life. Get into touch with the societies which are struggling to help these men, and you'll be shocked by the stories you will hear—and every one true, not concocted to touch your heart, and so your pocket.

One poor devil, a six-footer of Irish descent, broad-shouldered, with the sinews of a Samson, had been caught by machine-gun enfilade fire, and his body bore striking witness to the enemy's marksmanship.

By a miracle of surgery his life was saved. He made a wonderful recovery physically, but his nerves were shattered and almost beyond hope. It is such cases as this which receive the tenderest care. Bit by bit his confidence in himself and in life was restored.

He was sent to a home in the country, where the rest and quiet, the absence of flurry, cemented the good work already accomplished. He became so well that he begged to be allowed to go to work again.

His job before the War had taken its toll had been that of a milk-roundsman. A similar post was found for him, and he started off on his first day with a heart that held boundless gratitude.

At half-past eight that same morning there came a telephone call from a police-station to his employers. The milk-cart had been found abandoned; the man was in a cell, awaiting removal to the nearest asylum, certified by the hastily-summoned police-surgeon.

What had happened was this:

That ex-soldier, all thoughts of war removed from his mind, so it was believed, had suddenly come upon a section of road-menders. Without warning, an "automatic navvy" had started to chatter out its fearsome, stammering message—and the milkman, with a wild cry of despair, had thrown aside his milk-cart, and, head bent low, had dashed off down the street as though the legions of the Devil were after him.

Nightly agonies

And so they were! One half-minute had obliterated fifteen years of his past life—once again it was the stammer of the machine-gun that had caught him that he heard. Fifteen years afterwards—and now he is a hopeless case, incurably insane.

But it is not the day alone that holds its terrors for the men who cannot forget. With the night come dreams more horrid than anything Edgar Allan Poe ever imagined.

There is a man who to-day holds a responsible position with the British Legion, a man who has done a tremendous amount to help the ex-Service man over pension obstacles. Those who know him best understand that he has plunged himself into work with a feverish energy to try to forget by fatigue.

It was his "ticket" in war's ghastly sweepstake that is to blame. He was badly wounded during an attack on the Hindenburg line. All day long under a sweltering sun he lay helpless and unattended in a deep, wide trench.

Above him he could see, in his moments of sanity when delirium had left him, the bursting "Archies" searching for enemy 'planes, and prayed with every scrap of strength that a nose-cap might hit him and deliver him from his agony of mind and body.

For eighteen hours his purgatory continued; then he was found, carried to a dressing-station, and the doctors, hardened as they were to shocks, stared in amazement. By rights he should have been dead hours before.

They patched him up—to-day he is physically almost a fit man. But every night for fifteen years, with the regularity of clockwork, memory rolls up the screen, and once again he plays the leading role in his own tragedy.

Once more he is lying in that trench—his bed loses its softness and becomes an earthen floor: once more he feels the gnawing of his wound: the passing nocturnal traffic disguises itself as artillery stabbing at the sky. . . .

Invisible wounds

Fifteen years he has kept his sanity, but the night has become a torture bearable only through the loving care of a wife who understands, and eases as far as she can, though she cannot remove the fear that chains him in the long watches of the dark.

There are men who dread the anniversary of the day when they were hit: men who can, if they will, wear decorations that testify to their courage in the face of danger and overwhelming odds.

One such member of the Legion of Memory is a successful member of the headquarters staff of a world-famous alkaloid firm. He is a fine golfer, a more than useful tennis player, and looks as though he had not a care in the world. But when the anniversary of the first battle of Cambrai comes round he has to obtain leave of absence from his work.

To-day, Armistice Day, every . . . in . . . there lives this haunting scene . . . stan . . . indelible brand. To them . . . says . . . thunder, the mud and the blo . . . the . . . in the gun-smoke . . . thes . . . Ghos . . .

Memory—even after fifteen years—reaches out and grabs him: pins him remorselessly on her fearsome operating-table, and without benefit of anæsthetic, begins. . . .

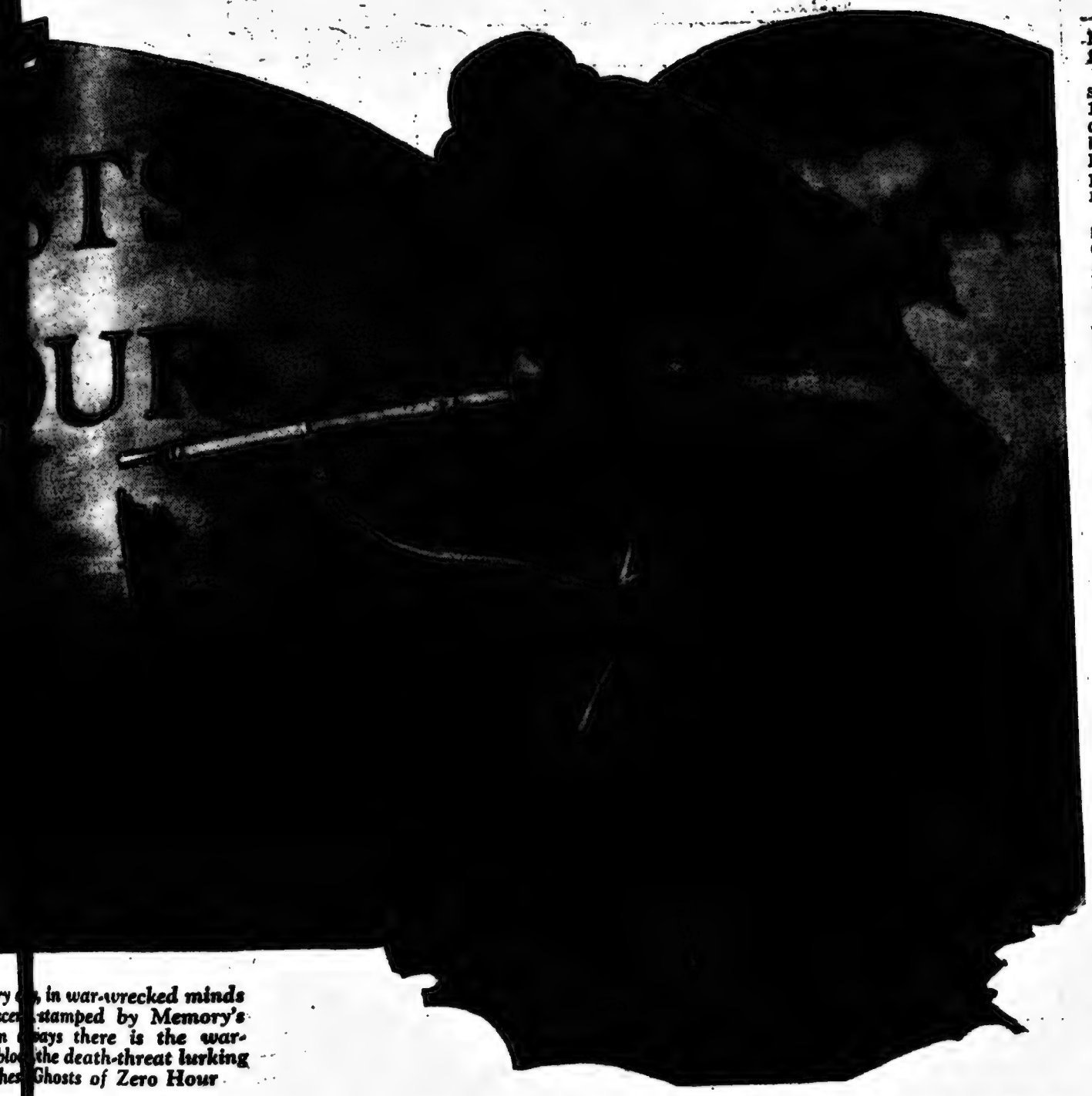
Fifteen years ago on a dark, dull November morning, when the early mist had been shattered by a bombardment that wakened the sleeping fisherfolk in the north-east of England, despite the yawning North Sea that separated them from Flanders, he had been in command of a tank in action against Nine Wood, outside the village of Ribecourt.

A certain enemy artillery major, after his men had fled, stayed behind to serve his field-gun, firing over open sights. Nineteen tanks fell to his deadly precision — nineteen funeral pyres as the gallons of petrol in their reservoirs caught fire with a rush and a roar.

That tank commander had seen a shell enter the nose of his machine, scoop out her engine and all the crew as neatly as a woman cleans a chicken for the table—and had come out unscathed himself.

Unscathed? There is no wound on his body—no gratuity marks the country's gratitude to him—but there is an ineradicable scar on his mind that Time, master-physician though he is, cannot heal.

Every twentieth of November he lives again through that awful moment of annihilation: some force against which he cannot battle insists that he must be alone that early



... in war-wrecked minds stamped by Memory's ways there is the war-the death-threat lurking Ghosts of Zero Hour

morning—and again he sees his comrades torn from his side, his tank a mass of tortured steel.

There is a mining official attached to a Lancashire colliery who before the War had every prospect of a brilliant career. Now he can never go below ground again. His nerves, perfect in all other respects, are shattered beyond repair in that connection.

Nightmare battles

He was with the Manchester Brigade in Gallipoli as a sergeant. He was one of a party in the front line blown up in a land-mine—blown up and afterwards buried for three hours, and the only one to be dug out alive.

Now he dare not go down into his own cellar—and when the anniversary of his suffering comes round, memory, seventeen years afterwards, will not let him escape.

He wakes in an agony of fright to find that once again he is fighting for breath, trapped by tons of earth: clawing desperately, with torn and bleeding finger-nails, in an effort for life . . . life and air!

Yet only the bedclothes really encompass him now: his head has only slipped a foot from the pillow. But memory—war's tragic legacy—supplies all the necessary background against which, willy-nilly, he is forced to play his part.

During the mighty attack on the St. Quentin Canal sector towards the end of September, 1918, an artillery subaltern but newly out from England (indeed, this was really his first baptism of fire) was ordered to go forward with a waggon loaded with eighteen-pounder shells to an advanced gun position.

The mist lay heavily, and the gun crew were not even dug in. Forward went the pair-horse wagon, with the subaltern riding at its side. Suddenly, as they topped the rise below which the guns were belching forth their message of destruction, the mist lifted.

Three German observation balloons, a mile away, spotted the waggon. In two minutes they had communicated their find to a counter-attack battery . . . and, with a shriek and a roar, a salvo of high-explosive caught the waggon.

It killed the driver and the horses outright, and a fragment of shell brought the subaltern's horse down with a whinny of anguish. He was pinned by a leg and helpless. And he had to lie there while that waggon-load of shells exploded around him.

Memory's trap

He was untouched—a miracle. But for years now he has lived a shadow of himself: shaking like a leaf at the slightest sound: crying out in the long night watches with desperate fear if a mouse scuttles behind the wainscot. Memory holds him—and will not relinquish her prey.

Ypres—that scarred and blood-stained battleground—is a name engraved for ever on many a poor devil's heart.

One such victim of the holocaust was a sapper in charge of a light-railway engine employed in bringing up stores and ammunition behind Sanctuary Wood, not far from the Zillebeke Lake.

He was driving his engine when an enemy high-velocity shell scored a direct hit on the boiler . . . and sky-high went the outfit. He had no choice; he went, too. And with him went his fireman-mate.

Falling . . .

No trace of the latter was ever found again. The driver landed in a huge "crump-hole" filled with filthy water. But it saved his life. His life? Well, he is *alive* to-day, but dead to all enjoyment.

He is almost deaf, almost blind. Yet a shrill, penetrating sound like the whistle of a train sends him frantic: the hiss of a boiling-kettle is torture. Always, always he senses again the detonation of that shell, the hiss of the bursting boiler, and in imagination he feels himself flung into the air, then . . . falling . . . falling.

Yet another of memory's galley-slaves was a Durham miner before 1914 took him from one pit to another . . . only this pit was caused by sapping beneath the enemy's line, filling one end of it with explosive, and blowing all within reach above ground to smithereens.

He was at Hill 60, where one of the greatest mining feats of the whole campaign was accomplished. Day after day, night after night, the human moles burrowed until at last they reached their objective.

Ever-present terror

His job was to wait to set the fuse that would detonate the tons of explosive. And as he waited, every nerve on edge, he heard quite close at hand the tap-tap that told of counter-mining on the other side!

Remember that annihilation was within a few feet of him—if the enemy miners set off their mine first. And there he had to sit, hearing the tap-tap of the pick coming nearer . . . nearer.

Finally came the order to explode the mine he guarded. The havoc it wrecked on the Germans is now a matter of military history, but the man who stayed behind will never know it. His reason left him once the discipline that had held him to his post no longer existed.

The tap-tap of a blind man's stick on the pavement outside his cottage home sends him cowering into a corner: once again he lives through those moments of terror. Once there were bushes close to his window. They had to be uprooted because if the wind sent a branch against the window-pane he shrieked in a frenzy of fear.

Never again!

Memory. . . . A week of proud memories this, for a nation. But for so many a hundred thousand there are fifty-two weeks of memory . . . and every one a Gethsemane!

Every one brings them round an anniversary. And what an anniversary it is! To the war wrecks; to mothers and fathers who see that empty chair—perhaps several empty chairs; to sisters and brothers and sweethearts!

Think of them, all of them, you peacemakers who go to Geneva and talk . . . talk . . . talk. No words can heal their wounds or end their sorrowful memories. What was done to them can never be undone. Only it must never be done again. Never, never again!

AND WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE?

"Oh, drop working this morning, Mabel and come out shopping with me — You can't? Got to stone raisins? Here, wait a moment — I'm coming over."

". . . And for pudding, my dear, why not a roly poly? I've bought you a packet of Sun-Maids to save you stoning raisins. Look, they're so clean we can put them in straight from the packet."

"Well, I thought I hated roly poly, but these raisins seem to make it just delicious. How do you do it?"

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John Bull READERS' OWN STORIES

A FORMER Texas Ranger tells of two years of thrills while serving under the command of the notorious bandit, Pancho Villa, in Mexico

I TURN BRIGAND to save my skin

FOR over forty years I have been an "adventurer," and, all things considered, life has not given me such a bad time. I ran away to sea when I was fifteen, leaving a nice, comfortable home in Calgary, in the Canadian Province of Alberta.

The longer I live the more it strikes me that a man has no need to seek for adventure if he is game and ready to take risks. But don't misunderstand me. Not once have I been willingly outside the law. It's not a bit necessary, anyway.

Why do I say "willingly" outside the law? Simply because at one period I was captured and forced to serve under one of the world's greatest outlaws, Pancho Villa. And that was certainly outside the law.

HERBERT HYDE

"Before his finger could crook over the trigger Villa had fired and the shot struck the stranger's revolver, knocking it from his hand"

Villa was, like all of his kind, a likeable desperado and a self-styled "liberator," who cared for nothing and least of all for the forces of law and order, which were represented at that time by Carranza, who had proclaimed himself Chief of the Republic of Mexico.

But even so, you can guess that I did not enter the insurrectionist army of a Mexican bandit of my own free will, even although he called himself the "Peasants' Liberator."

It came about this way, however. Up to that time I had been an officer in the Texas Rangers, and most of my days were spent in rounding up outlaws in Texas.

One day a note was handed me in headquarters by a Mexican. It was written in good English and purported to come from a ranger named Harper, who had been captured by bandits, asking me to come and rescue him.

Now, the first thing you learn in that part of the world is, Never trust a Mexican. And so I made some careful enquiries in case it should be a ruse to get me and my men over the border into Mexico, where the bandits were alleged to be hiding.

THE Mexican swore that the note had been given him by the Americano, who had told him that I would give him $50 if he delivered it safely.

And this plausible story, coupled with the fact that the handwriting on the note tallied with some letters belonging to the missing man, made me think the story was quite likely true.

After some head-scratching, I decided to take the risk, and try a "lone-hand" trip to see if I could rescue Harper by masquerading as a Mexican.

A little brown rubbed into the face and one can pass for anything in Mexico, for everybody dresses in roughly the same way.

I got safely into Mexican territory, and at the end of three hours found myself in sight of the camp. I staked my horse in a thicket and made my way slowly towards the camp fire, wriggling along on my stomach.

AS soon as I got near enough I saw that there were seven men around the fire, and I now regretted I had not brought some of the boys with me. Still, I had come to get Harper, and if he were still alive I meant to get him.

Loosing my guns, I crawled up as near as I dare and then, rising to my feet, I rushed the fire.

"Hands up!" I shouted, covering the bunch. "The first man that moves will go down for keeps."

Then something came whack on the top of my head, and I remembered no more.

When I came to I was lying bound hand and foot with a terrible pain at the back of my head. I remained in this condition for some days, while my captors seemed uncertain as to what to do with me.

Then, from some scraps of conversation which I overheard, I gathered that I was to be delivered to the Federal or Government troops, in exchange for a reward.

We set off next day, and for four days I endured agonies, tied on to the back of a horse with raw hide that cut into the flesh.

On arrival I was thrown into jail, and remained there for a number of weeks, until I was beginning to despair of ever getting out.

Then, one night, there were shots in the street outside the prison, and in a few moments the door of the cell was thrown open by a bunch of tough-looking men.

They jabbered something about "Villa," and I began to see light. But this was worse than before, for if Villa hated the Federals he hated the Texas Rangers a few million times more, and I stood less than no chance if he got to know who I was.

For once in my life I did some quick thinking, and while the prisoners were got ready to appear before Villa, who was now in charge of the whole place, I had a brand new story ready.

I shall never forget the first time I laid eyes on Villa. If ever there was such a thing as "magnetic personality," that man certainly had it. But in outward appearance he looked just what he was—a "peon," or peasant.

I told him that I had crossed the border because I had killed and robbed an American, a Texas Ranger, and that I was an Englishman.

Villa evidently believed me, for he took me on in his army after I had taken oath to serve him.

I certainly did intend to serve him as long as I was with him, but I had also decided that if ever I got near the border I would make a dash for the American side.

I soon found that Villa was not as black as he was usually painted, taking into consideration the uncivilised state of the country and the barbaric customs which prevailed still. He was full of courage, and feared neither man nor beast, as the following story will show.

Late one afternoon while we were on our way to Casa Grandes, the Chief detected a party of horsemen coming towards us, and after looking at them through powerful field-glasses, saw they were peons.

"They seem to be all right," he said, "but we can't afford to take any risks. We'll get behind that boulder. There's only one trail and they're bound to pass us. Then we'll hold them up and find out all about it."

Leaving our horses, we crept behind the boulder and waited.

As they came abreast the Chief darted

(Continued on page 26)

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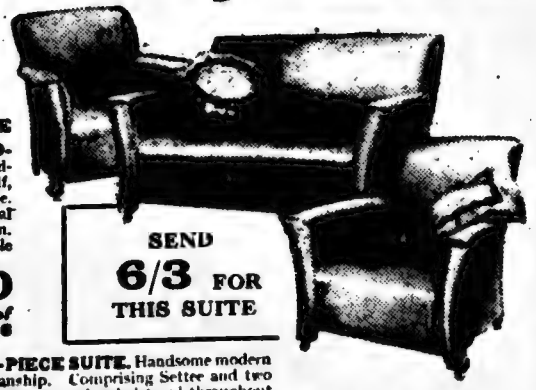

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"I TURN BRIGAND—TO SAVE MY SKIN"—(Continued from page 24)

In Pancho Villa's Outlaw Band!

out, and covering them with his revolver ordered them to "stick 'em up."

Four obeyed, but the fifth drew his gun. Before his finger could crook over the trigger Villa had fired and the shot struck the stranger's revolver, knocking it from his hand.

"Now you *will* put them up," he commanded.

The man gave him a contemptuous smile as he slowly raised his hands. "If there had been a man among this bunch of sheep I reckon you would be stretched out stiff," he said coolly.

A queer smile passed over Villa's face; he did not answer, but he took care not to let his gun waver from the man's body.

"What do you want in the mountains?" he asked, turning to another of the men.

"We're looking for Villa," said one.

"Oh, you are! And what do you want?"

"We want to join him."

"Are you certain you want to join him?" asked the chief.

"I swear it by my right hand," said the first speaker. The others said the same, and then Villa, who always loved the dramatic, stepped up close to them.

"Well, here he is," he announced proudly. "*I* am Pancho Villa!"

ALL the men, except the one who had drawn his gun, began to protest how glad they were to have met him; but he silenced them with a contemptuous wave of his hand.

"You may be glad to meet me," he said, "but I have no use for cowards like you. The men who ride with Pancho Villa must be fighters who fear nothing.

"As *this* man said (he pointed to the man who had drawn his gun), had he had men with him instead of sheep I might have been cold now.

"There is only *one* man among you who is any good to me, that is the one who showed fight. He can ride with me; but you other cowards can get away from here as fast as your ponies can gallop Now get!"

Thoroughly scared, the four turned their ponies' heads and galloped down the trail. We never saw them again.

As time went on Villa made me a captain in his force, and gave me a separate command. Most of our battles were won fairly easily, for Villa's fame as a successful fighter was well known, and often the enemy were beaten before they started.

It was about this time that I really began to believe that Villa had a charmed life. Once, when we were fighting in the Chihuahua province, the enemy made a determined stand.

Then, just at the psychological moment, Villa rode right out in front of his men, and, calling on them to follow, he charged.

He was met with a volley of fire, and we all expected him to fall, but once again a seeming miracle happened, and he rode on unharmed. This was too much for the opposing force, and they fled.

ONE day when I was out with my men on an expedition against the Federals a scout arrived saying I was to rejoin Villa at once.

When I reached the camp he asked me into his private tent and outlined the most daring plan he had yet attempted. This was nothing less than a proposal to capture Chihuahua, the capital of the State of that name, an important city some 250 miles from the United States border.

Villa had only 1,400 men, as compared with the town's 3,000 men garrison, not to mention their artillery. I began to realise that the result was a foregone conclusion, and said so.

"I have decided to take Chihuahua or die in the attempt," was Villa's reply. That was that, so I left him and went to make the necessary arrangements. Within two hours Villa gave orders to prepare for battle

As soon as we got within range the guns on the city walls opened fire, causing considerable havoc among our small force. Men went down like ninepins, and it was only Villa's calm that saved the situation.

He gave the word to charge. Despite the bravery of our men, we were beaten back with heavy losses, as I had expected Time and again we charged; but it was a hopeless undertaking.

Then, noticing the gunner at one of our machine-guns had been shot, I jumped down from my horse to take charge of the weapon. I had hardly reached it when something struck me on the head and I remembered no more.

WHEN I came to, I found that I had been hit, evidently by a piece of shell. As I looked round and surveyed the battlefield I realised that we had been badly beaten.

Federal soldiers were searching the ground, and from the cries of agony that kept coming to my ears I knew they were killing the wounded. I quickly decided that the battlefield was no place for me, and staggered to my feet. But it was agony to move. I could only crawl, and very slowly at that. I shall never forget that journey over the battlefield outside Chihuahua.

Every few yards I had to drop flat for fear of being seen by the Federals, and several times I shammed death to prevent being butchered by the enemy.

But I had seen my last of Villa, and after a few hectic months, during which I was in hiding most of the time, for fear of being handed over to the Federals for a reward which I knew was on my head as one of Villa's men, I managed to reach the United States' border. I got over safely, and made my way to Yuma, in Arizona.

My bandit days were over, but they had taught me a lot. On the whole Villa had treated me well, and I had respected his trust.

For all his crimes, he was decent underneath, and did a lot to alleviate the lot of the Mexican peasants, who had been bullied and oppressed by successive "governments" for years and years.

He probably thought I had been killed on the battlefield of Chihuahua, which is the way I would have best liked to have passed out of his life.

NEXT WEEK: In an absorbing personal reminiscence an old sailor tells of an amazing series of accidents which befell the crew of a windjammer when their mascot was killed.

"The Greatest of These—"

A Soldier Born

Edward

"I AM going to be a soldier," confidently asserts Edward, who is nine years old and looks forward to being a full-fledged scout when he is eleven.

His grandfather was a sergeant-major, and his father was born in camp. The latter was wounded in the Boer War, and served in the Great War from 1914 to 1917, when again he was wounded. From 1919 to 1920 he was in France helping to bury the dead. All his brothers served in the war.

Edward is an only child, and the light and joy of his parents' hearts. His dad needs light, for he is now partially blind with cataracts on both eyes. Three times one eye has been operated upon, and when he is strong enough he is to undergo an operation on the other eye. He suffers from rheumatism and can scarcely move one hand.

Edward's mother has a great ambition. She has worked as an ironer most of her life, but finds that younger women are now preferred.

"I am willing to help support my husband and child," she urged, "if I could get assistance to start on a greengrocery or fruit round," adding, "I can do anything in the street work."

All that the three of them have to live on is 22s. 6d. a week. Their rent is 10s., leaving 12s. 6d. to pay for fuel, light, food and clothes. And one of the three is a helpless invalid groping his way about.

Whilst our readers' hearts are full this week with the thought of the "Fallen in the cause of the free," we ask them to send their tributes in the shape of donations to this, the War Sufferers' Fund.

We can then continue the work of helping those ex-Service men and their families who in these days of unemployment are living painful, precarious lives, fighting against fearful odds to keep their homes together.

Donations to help Edward's mother to fulfil her ambition, or for the fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with grateful thanks £30 from "In Sympathy," £5 from "Widow Lucy" and £1 from "Widow J."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slip."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"The retiring Cabinet Ministers handed their SEATS to the King."

WEMBLEY NEWS:—"Mr. —— and the jury exonerated the JURY from all blame."

LEEDS MERCURY:—"The Covent Garden Opera Company will open their AUTUMN tour on APRIL 24."

HOYLAKE AND WEST KIRBY ADVERTISER:—"The Chancellor has held an enquiry into a demand for the removal of the spires on the towers of the MINISTER."

TOOTING AND BALHAM GAZETTE:—"The bride was wearing a yellow suede georgette dress, with black CAT and hat."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"Leeds United turned out in white shirts and black knickers. In this unfamiliar GEAR they proceeded to astound the Rovers."

BOSTON GUARDIAN:—"He served in the Royal Engineers until 1919, when he was DEMOLISHED."

PEMBROKESHIRE TELEGRAPH:—"The newspapers daily publish glowing accounts of the daring deeds by naval LIVERS."

DUNOON OBSERVER:—"Household COLD is being retailed in town at 1s. 7d. per cwt. bag."

ISLINGTON GAZETTE:—"The boys of Tollington Park Central School held their twelfth annual swimming GALE."

Make your bath a real tonic! A hot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it is a treat, and a treatment too

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2d. each and in cartons of 3 for 6d. or 6 for 1/-

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All of a SUDDEN . . .

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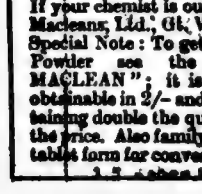

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But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., 61, West Rd., Brentford, Middlx. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

PHILIP INMAN'S *Frank Talk to—*

LIFE'S "Might-Have-Beens"

The man who broods over the past . . . "I advise him to pluck up his courage; rid himself of his morbid thoughts . . ."

WERE a group of representative people asked to name the most demoralising word in our language, it is likely they would all give a different answer.

Why? Because everyone is inclined to look at things through his own pair of eyes.

"Sin" would be the parson's choice; "slums" the social reformer's; "unemployment" the politician's; "drink" the ardent temperance advocate's, and so on.

I suppose from their own particular points of view they are right, but after reading the hundreds of letters I receive every week from my readers I think that the word which causes *more* heart-burning than any other is that seemingly inconsequential one of two letters—IF.

• • •

There are crowds of folk sitting on their seats, twiddling their thumbs, lamenting over the "what might have been." That is bad enough, but here is one reader who has got past the "thumb-twiddling" stage, and is actually contemplating something desperate.

He starts his letter: "*If* I had not had to have an operation when I was fourteen years old, things might have been different." And he goes on to say:

"As a lad I was stricken with a serious leg trouble, and after many operations and nine months in hospital I was discharged as cured. But unfortunately my left leg was a lot shorter than my right one, and my trouble also left me partially deaf.

"For some years, owing to my handicap, I was unable to find any work, but when I was twenty I was lucky enough to obtain a position with a firm, which I have kept up to the present time, and I am now twenty-four.

"But my trouble is that I never get any enjoyment out of life. Every day is just like another day, and as I see no future ahead of me I am seriously thinking of ending it all. The only thing that stops me is the anguish it would cause my people if I do anything rash. I cannot enjoy conversation with fellow beings, and I cannot join in their sports, so there is practically nothing in life left for me.

"Tell me, is there any hope, as I dread the days and years to come?"

And this young fellow of twenty-four, standing on the threshold of life, signs his letter, "Yours in anguish."

Now I am going to be perfectly frank with him, and with all who feel like him. Anyone who has had to suffer is deserving of pity, and up to that point my correspondent has my sympathy. But there it ends.

A few weeks ago I met Doctor Helen Keller who is blind, deaf and dumb. Yet a cheerier soul never lived. And what a marvellous work she has done, in spite of her heavy afflictions. Read her life story—it is an inspiration.

And, after all, my correspondent has much to be thankful for. He seems to have assured employment and a good home—two blessings which are denied scores of thousands of other young fellows to-day. And even if he cannot engage in sport, there are plenty of other hobbies which he can take up.

I advise him to pluck up his courage; rid himself of his morbid thoughts; cultivate some hobby or interest in life, and be thankful for all the mercies he enjoys.

If my post-bag is any criterion, my next problem is not an unusual one. How many married folk—both men and women—feel that they might have done better *if* they had only married someone else. Let me give two concrete cases.

The first comes from a man who has written reams (I do wish my correspondents would be as brief as possible) and has recounted the whole of his life story.

Briefly, his problem is this: Some years ago he fell in love with a very attractive girl. His work necessitated his leaving his home town, and when he returned some time later, base statements were made to him regarding the conduct of his girl during his absence.

Instead of asking her for an explanation he peremptorily broke off the engagement, and sent all her letters back unopened. Shortly afterwards he married the niece of his foster-parents. Then his letter proceeds:

"My wife loves me far more than I deserve, but I cannot get the other girl out of my mind. Two years ago I met her at a dance. She is not married, but engaged, and she told me quite frankly that she is not in love with her young man.

"We talked things over, and parted friends, both of us tormented by the 'what might have been.' Since then I have met her three times. Sometimes I feel I cannot go on any longer living as I am, for I realise I care for the other girl far more than I do for my wife. There is one other thing . . .

• • •

And then in order, I suppose, to justify his conduct, he starts to find fault with his wife by accusing her of extravagance and the like.

My correspondent has been a fool. I hope he won't become a cad as well. In the first place, it was grossly unfair of him to listen to baseless stories about his first girl without giving her a chance of answering the accusations. But when that chapter in his life was ended by his marrying another girl, he ought never to have reopened it.

Then he talks about his wife's extravagance. I suppose he thinks the other girl is perfect—probably that is because he is not married to her.

I can assure my correspondent there would be some fault, no matter whom he married, for none of us is perfect. If he wants to be worthy of his manhood, let him be loyal to his wife and his home, and put the other woman completely out of his life.

Now let me deal with a woman correspondent who writes:

"If—" (there it is again) "if I could only get away from things and sort myself out somewhat. I have been married five years, have three children, and for most of the time an unemployed husband. He is a domineering individual who seeks to deprive me of choosing my friends, recreation and outside interests. As his argument is backed up with his fists I have, as a result of black eyes, etc., lost all respect for and interest in him.

"He refuses to separate, as I am more or less useful as housekeeper. When he is unemployed I have to try to make 29s. sufficient to pay 18s. 6d. rent, 4s. rates, and such items as coal, light, cleaning materials, and of course food for five people.

"Quite frankly, my husband bores me stiff. His interests are not mine, and we are not the same wavelength. Although I must confess he is fond of the children, I despise him as an unambitious ass devoid of guts, and with the backbone of a jellyfish. He suggests two doors if I am dissatisfied—the front door and the gas-oven door. Which shall I take?"

• • •

Now, I hold no brief for the man who uses physical violence towards his wife, though I am afraid many women by their nagging ways contribute to it.

I know it is unpalatable to have an unemployed husband, but after all there are, alas, multitudes of other wives in the same plight.

My correspondent does not say that her husband drinks or squanders his "dole" money. He obviously takes it all home to her. What more can he do?

If work is not obtainable?

She says he will not agree to a separation. Why should he? He is fond of his children, and his rightful place is by their side. And what would this wife do if she obtained a separation order, with three little bairns to look after?

I rather suspect there are faults on both sides, and for the sake of those three children I urge her to make the best of things and try to build up a satisfactory home life on a mutually "give and take" basis.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

JOHN BULL'S "Humanist" is always at your service. Write to him about your troubles, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. £1 is will be paid for each letter published.

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IF you make sure that your dog grows a good winter coat he will not trouble you with any ailments this winter. His winter coat will keep his body *always* warm and dry, even in rain and biting wind.

But if his winter coat is thin and poor when the hard frosts arrive, nothing can save him from coughs and chills.

From November to March his health depends on what you do NOW.

Your dog cannot grow a good winter coat unless you help him, because the quality of his coat depends entirely on the purity of his blood. He needs your help, because the blood correctives which Nature provides for this purpose are beyond his reach, among the grasses and herbage in valleys and moorland.

Do what all thoughtful dog owners do. Provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders which grow winter coat by purifying and nourishing the blood. NOW is the time to give your dog his winter fitness with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, for in less than 10 days he will begin to grow the strong, healthy coat which will carry him safely and happily through the winter. (Note.—Rough or long-haired dogs also grow a winter **undercoat**, a dense, downy mass which covers the skin like a blanket, and can be examined by parting the outer coat. Only rich, pure blood can grow good coats and undercoats. That is why you must provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders NOW).

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders, and in 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

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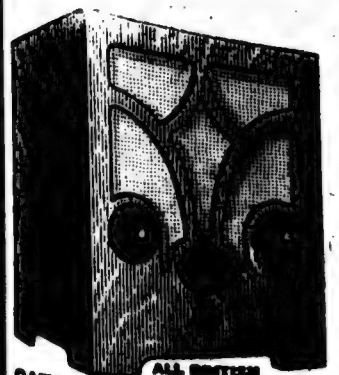
Always keep a packet handy. Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure and prevent all Blood Ailments such as:—LOSS of APPETITE, LISTLESSNESS, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, LOOSE COAT, Etc.



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This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, with Aerial Outfit, Carriage Paid, is only £4. 16. 0.

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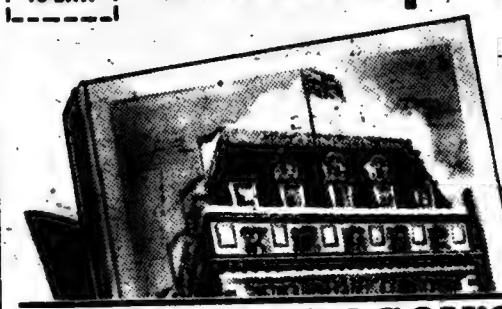

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Measurements: Height of Back 31in. Width of Seat 21in. Depth of Seat 23in. Width of Chair across front 25½ in. Now supplied upholstered in hard-wearing DAMASK in the following selection of new colours:—Green, Blue, Blue and Gold, Pink, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Black and Gold, all floral designs or plain self-colours.

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with SCOTT'S Emulsion—the best strength-maker for growing children, the surest safeguard against coughs and colds. SCOTT'S Emulsion is rich in life-giving vitamins, health-promoting cod liver oil and body-building hypophosphites. Every drop is tonic nourishment, every spoonful an aid to health. But it must be genuine.

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HERE'S THE PERFECT RECIPE

SCHOOLBOY PUDDING

(Very similar to Christmas Pudding)

Your boy can make it himself. Take 1-lb. jar of Robertson's Mincemeat, mix with three ounces of self-raising flour, place in a basin, steam or boil for 3 hours. This will make a delicious and nourishing pudding. Just the thing for growing boys and girls. Remember—it *must* be ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT ("Golden Shred" Brand). This contains the exact proportion of each ingredient to make a successful pudding.

Robertson's Mincemeat

GOLDEN SHRED BRAND...

The best of fruit ... the best of sugar ... the best Oriental spices ... all blended into the best of all mincemeat by Robertson.

There's LUCK in "the DOGS" —*for the Women especially*

"THE more I see of men the more I like dogs." Everybody knows that bitter old tag of the hermit cynic. Well, a woman quoted it the other night at the White City, London.

She was a woman owner, and while she quoted it, impishly and jubilantly looking round at some friends near by, she was happily patting the head of her greyhound, led in from victory by the white-coated kennelmen.

Her men friends standing round the little group smiled at her just as fondly. She could have her little joke. For the bundle of bone and sinew she was caressing had just earned her £500 in stake money and the added selling value it had gained by a few seconds winning sprint after an electric bunny.

That little scene is being repeated nightly on scores of racing tracks up and down the land. For women have gone into greyhound racing with a bang, and they are more than holding their own in what began as a typically male sport attracting some of the canniest brains in the country.

There are now nearly 1,500 women owners on the books of the National Greyhound Racing Club.

Extra joys

That represents more than 10 per cent. of the total owners registered, but every day the female contingent is growing, and before long the figure will be nearer 20 per cent. than 10.

But the entries on the books of the N.G.R.C. give only a part idea of the extent to which women have invaded "gracing." Their members are those who use only licensed courses.

Hundreds of these women have made small fortunes from their dogs. To hundreds more they have brought fur coats and extra luxuries, holidays and other joys hard to get in these hard-up days.

And there are still other cases, as several London track managers know, where the "long dawg" has been the breadwinner and kept the home going.

Glittering prizes

Greyhound racing this year has had its biggest season since it was started in this country. A sport which began on converted rubbish-heaps and waste places is now drawing thirty million people a year.

The licensed tracks alone have been able to afford nearly a million and a quarter pounds in prizes in the last four years. And this year's prize and stake money totals have touched new records.

It has been a bumper year for women owners.

The high spot of it for them was the Laurels at Wimbledon in September, one of the great "classics" of the sport. The first, second, and third prize winners were owned by women.

The winner, Miss Merrett's "Beef Cutlet," earned £1,100 for her in just under 28¼ seconds. The second, Mrs. Firman's "Derek F.," won £300; Mrs. Kempton's "Toftwood Mystic," third, about half as much.

Track crowds are now spending over £6,000,000 a year on their sport. It is natural enough that among the dogs which carry so much money on their backs there should be some whose names are household words. And among those, some of the most famous are owned by women.

Although it would be hard to find women owners among the great Turf winners of the past, on the track they have come into their own.

The king of all the dogs, "Mick the Miller," is owned by a woman, Mrs. Kempton. His name already is as legendary as any of the Tetrarchs and Minorus and the other wonder horses, and means much more to millions of people.

Although he is now living in retirement in a Norfolk village, his racing days over, Mrs. Kempton occasionally brings him up to one of the tracks on a "big night," to parade with the other dogs.

Miss Merrett with "Beef Cutlet," winner of this year's Laurels at Wimbledon

He invariably wants to get into the trap again and invariably the crowds go mad with affectionate delight. The very announcement of his appearance on one of these nights is sufficient to increase the attendances.

Who ever heard of Turf followers going to a meeting in extra thousands to see a retired racehorse in the paddock being shown off with the entrants on the day's card? If, indeed, such a thing has ever happened.

Among the other classic winners belonging to women are "Deemster," owned by Miss Hurrell, Mrs. A. Brown's Scurry Cup winner, "Expert's Boast," Miss Farrand's "Douro," and Mrs. Ginger's "Merry Matt." These dogs earned big sums for their lucky owners.

The history of this four-year-old sport is packed already with instances of the meteoric rises in fortune which have taken place among the female invaders.

Modest start

There is one woman who is to be seen dining almost nightly on the terrace of the White City track where Mayfair greyhound "fans" forgather during the season. She owns an expensive car, has a flat in the West End, and is on social terms with many of the wealthy sporting set in London Society.

Two years ago she lived in a tiny villa in an outlying London suburb. All she owned in the world then was a husband in the Civil Service earning £4 a week, and likely to go on earning very little more, three pieces of antique jewellery left her by her grandmother, and a knowledge of dogs inherited from her father, who had been a veterinary surgeon and a fairly successful dog breeder.

One day her sister, who was a kennel-maid at a greyhound training establishment, told her of two young dogs there which were going cheaply. She converted the antique jewellery into £35 worth of capital, and the two young dogs were housed in the suburban garden and trained in suburban fields.

The two sisters are partners now in six dogs, all of them profitable winners. They have bought and sold another score within the last two years. The husband is out of the Civil Service and running a lucrative side-line of the radio business.

Scarcely any of her new friends know the full story of her rise. Among them she is believed to have been always a fairly wealthy woman.

Amateur "vet."

Her case has been quoted because it is outstanding, but there are hundreds more women who have found dog-owning a royal road to a comfortable living.

Here is the case of a "little woman" and her interest in a dog. A puppy reared on an Irish farm got his tail in the way of a big boot when resting in the farmhouse kitchen. The joint was broken and Mister Puppy was relegated to the ranks of the "no goods."

But the farmer's little daughter played the role of amateur "vet." in an endeavour to patch up the little fellow.

For a whole week she carefully covered the broken joint with adhesive paper, but her pet finished up with only the stump of a tail. Nevertheless, she persevered with the training of the dog, who was eventually given a "try-out" on one of the Irish tracks. He proved a smasher at the game and won hundreds of pounds.

Woman's stronghold

This dog, White Sandills, changed ownership for a big sum and subsequently reached England. It ran in the Derby Stakes at the White City this year.

Apart from women's invasion of the dog-racing field, they are also gaining a considerable foothold in the training and breeding, so much so that there are to-day upwards of a score of establishments owned, managed and staffed entirely by women.

Some of them, as for instance Mrs. Lovett, of Reading, and Mrs. Barnes, of Brighton, have a reputation equal to the crack men trainers, and have turned out many well-known winners.

Sit any day in the waiting-room of the N.G.R.C., the Jockey Club of Greyhound Racing, and you will find that a good third of your neighbours, waiting to interview the chief of this holy of holies, are women—either owners or about to be owners.

And the chief himself will tell you that women who entered the dog-racing game in single spies a few seasons ago now come in battalions—and have come to stay.

Beefex CUBES

dissolve instantly

What a vast improvement a single Beefex Cube makes to soups, stews and savouries. It adds warmth, strength and sustenance. In these days when every penny counts, a Beefex Cube is the biggest pennyworth money can buy! Try Beefex, the beef extract with the richest, beefiest flavour.

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dissolve instantly.

FROM ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS & STORES.

Bottles, 1 oz. 7d., 2 oz. 1/1, 4 oz. 1/11, 8 oz. 3/6, 16 oz. 5/6.

Drink it; cook with it, *too.*

Advert. of Bovex Ltd., West Smithfield, E.C.1. *royds 37a.*

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 44.

LUXURY COMFORT

at a Bargain Price. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy in wear, and give you pleasure all the time. Have this Exceptional Bargain sent on approval on money-back terms.

WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

The Graves 'PROGRESS' Bargain Suite includes the following:

TWO Super quality WHITE ALL WOOL BLANKETS with neat Blue Borders, and whipped ends. Weight 7lbs per pair, size 66 x 90ins (approx) each.

TWO ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 90ins. Weight 4lbs pair.

TWO GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed & finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90in. Weight 6lbs per pair.

ONE Fadeless Coloured ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use, in Sky, Red, Nectarine, Pink, Lilac, or Navy. Size 75 x 94ins. Weight 3lbs.

BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome floral design, beautifully finished. 58ins square.

TWO WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

ONE WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT By way of extra benefit and to prove that Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest produce of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'PROGRESS' Bargain Sale a 16-Piece Cutlery & Plate Service for 6 Persons.

The 16-Piece Service comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen-edged blades & beautiful ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

The Complete Sale (including the 16-Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate Delivery, Carriage Paid £3

TERMS. Send 5/- with order, and 5/- monthly if entirely satisfied. Fullest Approval in your own home.

CATALOGUES POST FREE. Ladies' Fashions Household Drapery Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear, Gramophones, Saprels, Wireless Sets, &c

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

To keep the supple softness.. the yielding firmness of a youthful skin

this much **OLIVE OIL** goes into every 4½d. tablet of Palmolive

Follow this Beauty treatment: use this Olive oil soap twice a day, as experts advise. See how skin returns to the supple softness, the yielding firmness of youth.

There is a very easy, very inexpensive way to protect the youth of your skin . . . to safeguard or to bring back the loveliness of "that Schoolgirl Complexion."

To keep skin soft, supple, smooth, experts insist that nothing—no beauty treatment known—can compare with olive oil.

Mere beauty claims, you know, don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. The test tube shows the exact amount of olive oil we put in every 4½d. tablet of Palmolive.

To-night—start the Palmolive way to a soft youthfully firm skin. Then watch—confidently—for the skin you desire—smooth, lovely firmness that tells the world you are young . . . young . . . young!

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

4½d PER TABLET

"If tickling throat won't let you sleep
"I know a plan that's sound—and cheap

Go—suck a ZUBE"

That bed-time throat worrying you again? You want some Zubes. They'll comfort throat and chest and make you glow. What a boon in cold weather!

ZUBES

2½D. per ounce. or in Airtight Tins, Except in I.F.S. 3D. & 6D.

Every Rib Tested

THIS UMBRELLA IS MADE ON FOX'S FRAME
TRADE MARK
S. FOX & Co. Limited
PARAGON

The reliability of a Fox's Frame is ensured by the fact that every rib is stringently tested before it leaves the works. Even the most slim-folding of umbrellas possesses wonderful strength if it has a Fox's Frame.

This ticket on an umbrella assures a frame of tested strength—a Fox's Frame—the foundation of all the best umbrellas.

FOX'S FRAMES

"I WAS ASTOUNDED"

So will you be!

From time to time there have appeared in these pages references to the amazing little book packed with every Milton bottle. As a result, thousands of people have read the book—many have even taken the trouble to write expressing their gratitude and astonishment.

Here is one, selected from a recent batch—the original of which can be seen at the Milton headquarters.

"Dear Sir,—I was suffering from a severe cold some few weeks ago, and it so happened I overheard someone speaking of 'Milton' as a good cure, and forthwith purchased a bottle. When I found your booklet enclosed, I must confess I was astounded at the number of ways 'Milton' can be used, and I might add that we are never without a bottle in the home now. I would like to stress this point about the uses of 'Milton,' because, before I got your booklet, I was under the impression, from glancing at your adverts. (no more than glancing, as I do not happen to have false teeth), that 'Milton' was purely a disinfectant and could not be used in other ways. I have spoken to numerous friends, and they were under the same impression, and have likewise been astounded on seeing your booklet on the uses of same. Might I suggest that there are thousands of people who are still under this false impression, and therefore missing a perfect preventative of common winter ailments such as: sore throats, colds, etc., etc., and that I am sure if you could distribute your booklet as advertising matter you would be doing the community a service, also yourselves. May I add that I write this letter in all sincerity and wish you every success in the future. —Yours faithfully, (signed) S. E. T——."

Do you not think that it is time that you, too, procured a copy of the book—and read it? So many, many helpful hints are contained in it! There is a free copy of it with every bottle.

Milton costs sixpence.

BEWARE THE DANGER MONTHS FOR CHILDREN

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

It is the most valuable body building and nerve restoring food known to medical science. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet, and makes weakly children strong and healthy. Roboleine consists of Bone Marrow, Cream of Malt, Yolk of Egg and neutralised Lemon Juice, and has been recommended by doctors for over 25 years.

IN JARS, 2/9 & 6/9

12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Hendon Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 9d. for posting and packing. (*Use block letters.*)

Name.....

Address.....

J.B. 20.

by SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH

My Greatest Hour—

I'm Living it Now!

I SHOULD think that everyone has some hours in his life that he would gladly live over again, if it were possible to put the clock back in such a manner.

I am no exception. There have been many very happy as well as many very interesting hours; but to choose one in particular from out of the past and say, "That was my greatest hour," would be impossible.

I firmly believe that the most important hour of my life—and surely of any one who is still living in the true sense of the word—is the present one.

It is full of the experiences and memories of the past, but most important of all it holds all the promises of interest and achievement to come.

If we believe, as I do, in growth and progress, then the prospects and possibilities towards which we look from the standpoint of this hour give a sense of unknown adventure that makes this hour the greatest yet.

Random thoughts

How can I foresee the possibilities that may arise out of this present hour? I pause for a moment. Somewhere I hear a clock strike: One . . . two . . . twelve. It is midday. Between now and one o'clock what may happen?

Possibly I have a meeting to attend, some business appointments to keep; so far as I can see, nothing at all unusual or out of the ordinary. But remember one thing: it is not always what happens at the time which counts very much, but the outcome of those happenings, the result of our words or thoughts.

I may make some statement at a meeting or only a casual remark to a friend; I may meet a stranger in the street, or think of some new idea.

I cannot tell to what any of these incidents or thoughts may lead; they may be quite unimportant or they may be of the utmost moment. It is impossible to forecast what extraordinary results may evolve from the most commonplace incidents.

In the present hour there always may lurk opportunities of which we can make use if we are only sufficiently ready to exert ourselves and to undertake the task that presents itself.

Every moment we live we become better qualified to render service to others and opportunities may at any moment arise to prepare us for future service.

I think it would be a great encouragement and incentive if we could all realise that we are always living our greatest hour, because it is full of the potentiality of achievement and of the realisation of ideals hitherto unrealised.

Sometimes I know we may shrink from the possibilities offered to us in this greatest hour, for opportunity often wears an ugly face, the look of nothing but a job of very hard uphill and thankless work.

Momentous decision

Let me tell you of an incident in my own life that illustrates this point.

In 1926 I was away on Dartmoor—on holiday there, I mean, of course! At that time I was a member, but not on the council, of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association, but I received a letter asking me to take the chairmanship of the council, as they wanted to get some new ideas, some fresh driving force, to get them out of the routine in which they found themselves and with which they were far from satisfied.

Well, at first I hesitated; I felt I did not want to accept any fresh responsibilities, and I knew that to do the job properly would mean a lot more work.

Then, on the other hand, I felt that sales management was particularly my line of work and thought, and that this was possibly an opportunity sent me that I was meant to accept.

Now I can assure you that although I gave the matter careful consideration I did not, at the time, realise what a momentous hour it was in which I came to the decision to accept the position if my company agreed to my doing so, as it did. Yet that decision has led to extraordinary, quite unforeseen developments in my life.

From accepting the chairmanship of the association, through various incidents and developments, my life sped on to another very interesting hour, when I was invited by Lord Eustace Percy to become chairman of the Government Committee on Education for Salesmanship, which gave me an extraordinarily interesting piece of work to do that has led to much else.

I have now been president, for three years in succession, of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association.

I have recently been elected first president of the National Association for Salesmanship and chairman of the British Association for Commercial Education. In that latter capacity I had to take a leading part in organising the International Congress on Commercial Education this year, which was of outstanding interest and success. It received recognition by the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Government and the City of London.

Best yet to be

Now I have been entrusted by the International Chamber of Commerce with the interesting but difficult task of acting as chairman of the International Commission on Distribution.

All this as the outcome of what, at the time, appeared a rather unwelcome opportunity and of the hour in which I decided to accept it. That is why I say that the present is always one's greatest hour—the one in which we are now living—for it holds alike the achievements of the past and the possibilities of the future.

Many past hours contain happy memories, many recollections of events, the contemplation of which I shall always cherish; but they have passed. The great possibilities of life lie in the present and in the future. It is upon our present actions that the whole future depends—and this applies nationally as well as individually.

Amid all our troubles to-day, it is a happy thought to look back and see the improvements which have taken place even since those of my generation were very young.

It is over forty years since I came to London as a country bumpkin, and sometimes when I look back I am astonished at the changes within my own time.

The improved standard of living for the less fortunate classes; the great advance in education; the better understanding between all sections of the community; the different treatment of criminals; the great increase in sobriety—these are some of the achievements that give us hope.

What has this to do with "my greatest hour" you wonder? It encourages me as it should encourage us all to seize every opportunity to commence some work, however apparently trivial, which holds any possibility of rendering a service to mankind.

It matters not how small, for the greatest achievements in human progress are ofttimes but the sum total of many actions that are apparently insignificant.

Who knows but what even these few insignificant words of mine may have some result, some value to another striving to serve his day and generation!

As chairman of the International Commission on Distribution I am dealing with the problem of how the ever-growing productive capacity of the world can be made available to the masses of the nations, be so distributed that the well-being of people all over the earth will be on a higher level than it ever was before.

Solve this great problem of the distribution of production and you have solved the riddle of poverty.

The promise ahead

This is, in my opinion, no imaginative dream. Poverty can be abolished except where it is due to incorrigible vice, and, as King Edward said about tuberculosis, "If it can be cured, why not cure it?"

The abolition of poverty? Utopia: an idealist's dream you will say—it can never come to pass. It is not impossible. It can and will come to pass if we all resolve to miss no opportunities in this your, as well as my, greatest hour, the one you are living in now.

The hands of the clock are nearing the one. This hour has nearly passed. The result of it I cannot foresee.

And there are other hours to come, each one of which may be greater still . . . fuller of promise because of the hours that have been used and have borne their fruits of experience and knowledge.

Lost Ugly Fat

25 Women Took Off 286 Pounds of Fat in 40 Days

We put Kruschen Salts on trial for 40 days—a real trial in which 25 women, one physician and one woman journalist took the active parts.

This trial was put on to prove to thousands of physicians and millions of fat women and men that Kruschen Salts without rigid diet and no severe exercise will take off fat.

In 40 days 25 women taking the little daily dose of Kruschen lost a total of 286 pounds—an average of about 11¼ pounds.

Now please understand that these 25 women were subjected to no hardships—they lived at home—ate as usual and lived their own lives in the same manner as they had done for years—no diet rules were followed.

Once a week they reported to a physician to be weighed—once a week they reported to a woman journalist to be measured.

The weight and measurement losses of each of these 25 women are given below—taken when the trial or test started and 40 days later—when it finished.

You can be sure that every woman who is overweight and is burdened with excess fat will read this table of weight and measurement losses—AND

After you have read it why not do a little thinking—as these women keep on with the little daily dose of Kruschen (as they probably will) every week is sure to see a further loss in weight—in 80 days the loss may not be doubled, but it won't be far from it.

In 4, 5 or 6 months what will the loss of fat be? No one can be sure, of course—but one thing you can depend on—if you take one-half a teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning and lead a normal life—the loss of fat will surprise you.

To be sure you can hasten the fat loss by cutting down all fatty meats, butter, cream and sweets, but no rigid diet is necessary.

Forty days roll by quickly—if you had started the simple, easy Kruschen fat reducing plan when the women below did—you would probably be well on your way to lighter weight and a more attractive figure.

And remember this, while you are losing fat with Kruschen—you'll feel better day by day—more energy—more vigour—and ambition will come to you—you won't be content to sit indolently around—the urge for activity gets into your whole system—you'll be up and doing.

And don't forget that Kruschen Salts cost next to nothing, for a jar that lasts four weeks costs but 1/9—about 5d a week.

Fat folk—Put your faith in Kruschen to-day.

LOSSES IN MEASUREMENTS—40 DAYS. LOSS IN WEIGHT—

			Start Hips Ins.	Finish Hips Ins.	Start Bust Ins.	Finish Bust Ins.	Start Waist Ins.	Finish Waist Ins.	Weight Forty Days Ago	Weight To-day	Loss in Pounds
A	Married	Age 36	44	40	40	37	40	32½	200	173½	26½
B	,,	,, 33	45	42½	38	36½	35	31½	180	169	11
C	Single	,, 25	42	38½	35	32½	30	25½	161	148½	12½
D	,,	,, 22	46	44	42	39	40	33½	201	187½	13½
E	Married	,, 26	44	41	41	36½	35	31	196	178	18
F	,,	,, 31	40	37½	37	35	31	28½	167	157½	9½
G	,,	,, 26	44	40	41	38½	34	32½	191	180	11
H	,,	,, 28	44	42½	40	39½	36½	34½	201	187½	13½
I	,,	,, 34	40	40	38	35½	33	31	178	166	12
J	Single	,, 37	44	41	38	35½	35	33½	178	172	6
K	Married	,, 23	45	41	43	39	38	35	195	183	12
L	,,	,, 34	55	51	48	44½	46	42	262½	245½	17
M	Single	,, 38	44	40½	40	37½	35	33½	177	167½	9½
N	Married	,, 37	50½	49	47	43	44	42½	236	223½	12½
O	Single	,, 31	45	43	40	38	37	34	195	185	10
P	,,	,, 28	40	39	38	36½	35	32½	151	144½	6½
Q	Married	,, 31	46	42	40	37	36	33	200	188	12
R	,,	,, 35	46	44	43	39½	38	36½	209	200	9
S	,,	,, 34	46	42	44	40½	40	35½	220	212	8
T	,,	,, 28	47	44	43	38½	41	37½	214	203	11
U	,,	,, 35	48	38½	37	35	33	30½	163	156½	6½
V	Widow	,, 42	44	41	37	34	34	31	175	167½	7½
W	Married	,, 40	41	38	37	33	33	29	145	136	9
X	Widow	,, 31	43½	43	43	39	41½	39	199	183	16
Y	,,	,, 43	42½	41½	41½	38½	38	33	194	188	6

Grand Total 286.

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It."

Whether you roll by hand or machine ALWAYS ROLL with A.G.

There are good reasons

AG is the paper specially chosen by tobacco-blenders for factory tests. They know why you have the true flavour of the tobacco in AG paper because AG is so extremely thin you see the tobacco through it.

The strong AG packet keeps these superfine papers trim in pouch or pocket. Follow those who know and roll your own cigarettes in

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

THE PAPER OF PERFECT PURITY

Have Music in Your Home For One Shilling deposit.

Only 25/- Carr. Paid

A GRAMOPHONE-DE-LUXE

A proved musical instrument in quality and tone. Real Oak Cabinet, Reliable Motor, with excellent soundbox which gives faithful reproduction. Nickel-Silver plated tone arm, plush-covered turntable with nickelled rim and speed regulator. Handsome case with grille front.

Plays 10 and 12 inch records.

SPECIAL OFFER

Here is your opportunity to secure a superior Table Grand Gramophone, on ever-so-easy terms. You send one shilling now, and this handsome instrument is sent you Carriage Paid, and ready to give you intense pleasure and satisfaction. Thereafter you send fortnightly instalments of 2/-.

THIS UNIQUE "PLAY WHILE YOU PAY" OFFER
is made by THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD.
to introduce their "SUPREME 1/- WEEKLY CLUBS"

Over two million satisfied customers prove the quality of our goods and the satisfaction of our service.

WE WANT MORE AGENTS FOR OUR 1/- WEEKLY CLUBS
Send a postcard for catalogue of our wonderful range of goods, and particulars of how you can earn regular big cash commissions.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON NOW!

The GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD. (Dept. 38A),
Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

Please send me one of your gramophones, for which I enclose 1/- postal order as deposit, and promise to send the balance (2d/-) by fortnightly instalments.

FULL NAME.....
(In Block Capitals)
ADDRESS .....
.....

Postal Orders should be made payable to us and crossed.

Rheumatism

Stop the Pain and End Sleepless Nights.

"For years I endured severe pain," writes a sufferer, "then I used Sloan's Liniment. It stopped the pain like magic."

If you suffer from rheumatism in joints or muscles try the effect of a few drops of Sloan's on the aching part. Instantly you feel the penetrating warmth as the liniment acts on throbbing nerves and tissues. Quickly all aching and soreness pass away, and you are free from the pain and mental worry.

A single bottle goes a long way. Economical in use.

2/- and 4/-, of Chemists and Stores.

RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO. SCIATICA. NEURITIS. BACKACHE. ALL ACHES & PAINS.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

BACKACHE

Caused by WEAK KIDNEYS!

You call it backache or lumbago, but just do not know what it is that causes that agonising, down-dragging pain, making you feel so old and look so tired and worn-out.

THE KIDNEYS

Your trouble is kidney-ache, or really, weak kidneys. To assist weak kidneys in their blood-cleansing action, there is no better advice than this—take a course of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

No more "too-old," worn-out feeling. You will join with the youngest in all the pleasures of life, and be amazed to find how quickly relief from pain and down-dragging weakness will come. In 24 hours you will see the action of De Witts Pills.

THE REMEDY WITH THE GUARANTEE

For over 40 years this remedy has been ending crippling pain and rebuilding health, vigour and vitality for pain-tortured, tired-out men and women and those in constant misery of rheumatism, chronic backache, sciatica, lumbago, chronic weakness and serious bladder weakness.

Get a 3/-, or the more economical 5/-, supply of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box. Refuse any substitutes. Most certainly there is nothing just as good.

DE WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

GUARDIANS of the Judges

THIS week-end the first step will be taken towards picking the new High Sheriffs for the English counties.

Prominent landowners, from whom High Sheriffs are conscripted, are wondering "Will it be me?" for it is not easy to escape this onerous post.

So if you have ever been summoned as a juror and have grumbled at the time your inescapable duties involved, keep a soft corner in your heart for the High Sheriff of your county.

He did not ask for the job that will last a full twelve months, and which, in addition to taking heavy toll of his time, leaves him poorer in pocket. In fact, he may have been desperately anxious to avoid it.

But the moment he was picked on nothing except a proof of his poverty or the invoking of Letters Patent or a special Act of Parliament could save him from it.

If you have seen your county High Sheriff at all in his Court dress, a sword swinging at the side of his tight knee-breeches, it was probably when the judge came to your assize town and mediæval England woke to life again.

You probably thought him a very enviable person as he sat next to the judge in court, or walked in the middle of a picturesque procession through the streets. But if you did you were wrong.

However thoughtful he looked, it would be fairly certain that the richness and colourfulness of it all would be escaping him. He was probably wondering what punishment the judge would think fit to impose on him if anything went wrong.

If one of those footmen had been out of place, if the brazen trumpets had sent the wrong message echoing round the courts, if anybody had taken his wrong place in the procession, which is in a form fixed centuries ago to protect judges against would-be assassins, he would have been to blame.

Mr. Justice Branson leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, during the recent assizes, accompanied by the High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire, Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs and his chaplain

"Leave in peace"

Nor did his duties end when, the assizes over, the judge was escorted to the station and seen to leave the town "in peace," as the legal requirements put it. He was still left with the task of making up his accounts for fines received, recognisances forfeited, and a hundred and one other things; and the penalty for not completing them in time is "imprisonment on a warrant issued by one of the Judges of the High Court."

If your High Sheriff should have felt inclined to blame anybody he would have had to go far back in history.

High Sheriffs were appointed in the olden days as the Sovereign's deputy in the various counties. Each was charged with the responsibility of protecting the interests both of the Crown and the common people against the powerful and often over-riding local barons.

So the High Sheriff is still nominally responsible for police and military duties in his shrievalty, although he would not try to move troops in defiance of the War Office.

In days when supplies of food and drink were not as readily obtainable as to-day, and poisoners were more numerous and active, "riding with the sheriff" was an incident of every assize. Trusted people in every county came to town to ride alongside the sheriff, bringing supplies that would help him to show adequate hospitality to his lordship.

In the earliest days the High Sheriff was chosen by popular ballot. But the barons, anxious to have their own nominees so that they could defy the King with impunity, contrived to make the office hereditary. Whereupon the Crown, not to be outdone, seized the right to nominate its own men.

To-day, therefore, the old custom of "pricking the sheriffs" still goes on.

On November 12, the Lord High Chancellor and judges of the King's Bench Division, having made their choice of the three most suitable men in each county, will have the names written on parchment. And some time next February the King in Council will take up the ancient bodkin always used for the purpose and prick the names of those who are his final selection.

Each will become the head of the commonalty or common people in his county—but at what a price in heavy administrative and judicial duties!

He will have to attend the judge at assizes and the hearing of election petitions, and arrange all the ceremony. He will prepare the panels of jurors for the assizes and act as returning officer at Parliamentary elections.

Keeping prisoners safe in the jail will be his ultimate responsibility, and the execution of both writs and the death sentence. Certainly he will wish to put the carrying out of the death penalty into hired hands more expeditious than his own—but what if nobody could be obtained?

Take one of his duties alone—that concerned with the assizes.

Unenviable!

Long before the judge arrives he must ascertain his wishes as regards attending divine service. If he wishes to worship locally, the High Sheriff must, in addition to notifying all sorts of people ranging from the station-master to the Lord Lieutenant, of the judge's coming, write to such people as vicars, churchwardens and bellringers.

He must arrange the processions, see that the trumpeters sound a proper fanfare whenever the judge shows his face in the streets, attend his lordship at his lodgings, escort him from lodgings to assize court and back again when his day's work is done.

While the judge dines alone, the High Sheriff must entertain at lunch the Grand Jury, members of the Bar, solicitors, the Chief Constable and other people connected with the assizes, giving the Senior Treasury counsel, if possible, the preference of sitting at his right hand.

Whenever public feeling runs so high that a judge might be in danger of real buff, insult, assault or even assassination, the High Sheriff's responsibilities are magnified a thousand times. If he calls on too few soldiers or police to help him, then heaven help *him*. If he shows excessive caution, there is sure to be someone who will blame him.

His is indeed often a thankless task, but, once he is chosen, he is one of the Crown's most loyal servants. But, despite his high-sounding title, he is by no means a man to envy.

Race with "Silver Ring"

MIXED FARE

FOLLOW the black and white is my motto for backers in search of the Liverpool Autumn Cup winner, for there is an excellent case to be made out for Lady Derby's Zane Grey.

Zane Grey was the JOHN BULL tip and Code selection for the Liverpool Summer Cup, and after being narrowly beaten by China King, was awarded the race on an objection. The price was 9 to 1, and I think we were lucky to draw, as China King was receiving 10 lb. and was the better at the weights.

For the Autumn trophy China King is set to carry 8 st. 12 lb. and Zane Grey 8 st. 5 lb., a difference of 17 lb. in the two handicaps.

It is a remarkable thing how successful is Lord Derby's stable at Liverpool; his horses seem to strike their best form on the Aintree track. Perhaps they know that the locals are on them to a man!

Winners at the mixed fare are, as a rule, difficult to spot, but Egremont may capture the Valentine 'Chase.

I like Pharian for the Grosvenor Cup and Miss Neat for the Alt Nursery.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 10, to Wednesday, November 16.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

ULCLYX97F would read PRARGENT.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. YCLQ972X would read GARONNE.

"Terrible Cough . . practically gone . . after *two* applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation.

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again.

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."

Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT MADE IN ENGLAND

The Christy & Co., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

Page Woodcock's Pills

World-famous for alleviating and correcting Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Stomach Disorders, etc.

Have cured millions —why not you?

Of all Chemists 1/3 & 3/- per box.

New Way to Banish UGLY HAIR

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF BRITISH SCIENTIST

To-day in 3 minutes you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British Scientist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the NEW VEET—a delightfully perfumed white cream. Look on the label for NEW VEET.

Wonderful New Discovery!

—No More Shaving

"SNOW," the most marvellous discovery of modern science, makes razors unnecessary. It will give you the closest, smoothest shave of all. Bristly chins, sore chins, cuts and gashes, are now things of the past. This new discovery entirely supersedes the old shaving methods. Absolutely harmless, it cannot possibly even affect the most sensitive of skins.

Sensational Discovery brings smooth, close shave—easily, efficiently

"SNOW" is a scientific preparation which removes the hair, leaving the chin soft and completely clean. It breaks off the hair at its softest point, where it comes out of the pores, thus ensuring the amazingly close shave. Remove "SNOW" and your beard goes with it. The more you use "SNOW" the more you will like it. Read the extracts below from hundreds of testimonials received from converts to this new method which has the approval of the medical profession and has passed the most scrupulous analysis and scientific tests. Do not delay—send off the coupon below and begin a new era of complete shaving comfort.

No Razor—No Cuts

Throw away that razor. Stop buying those expensive blades. Don't endure any more the slightest risk of cutting your face. Use "SNOW," the easy and pleasant way which lasts longer than any razor shave. Its efficiency is astounding. Thousands use it regularly.

Satisfaction Assured

"SNOW" must be tried to even begin to appreciate the true secret which supersedes the old shaving methods. It is applied quickly and easily. If your skin is tender and every shave means torture, or if you have a hard beard, "SNOW" will prove a godsend.

"SNOW" is Manufactured in England

It has been analysed and tested under the most scrupulous scientific conditions. Absolutely harmless, after using "SNOW" you will find your face smoother than it has ever been since you were a boy. The medical profession approves of it. Begin a new era of complete shaving comfort by sending off the coupon below.

"SNOW" received the enthusiastic approval of a professor of a world-famous university and has been tested and endorsed by a well-known London analytical chemist.

BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (J.B.)

13, LITTLE TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1

1 A really tough beard.

2 Snow evenly applied.

3 The smoothest shave you ever had—and without a razor.

Simply apply 'SNOW'

With SPATULA or FIBRE BRUSH

OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH CLASS CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS. If not yet available in your district, post coupon to-day.

EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS IN REGARD TO "SNOW"

I received the "Snow" quite safe, and I think it is a wonderful thing.
Mr. W. G. M., Jersey, C.I.

I have used your "Snow" and find it is splendid. . . .
Mr. E. J., London, N.2.

. . . and after using it regularly, I am able to say that it is the best of its kind.
Mr. D. S., Liverpool.

. . . I am more than satisfied with it. I shall endeavour to get my friends to use it.
Mr. W. H., Gunthorpe.

. . . I am pleased with the results. Thanks for a splendid shave.
Mr. J. E. B., Liverpool.

. . . I have found it very satisfactory and pleasant to use. I no longer dread shaving.
Mr. A. McI., Gosforth.

. . . the "Snow" shave which I had to-day is cleaner than any razor shave I have ever had. . . .
Mr. A. T., London.

. . . and being pleased with the results of the trial of the first lot. I have decided to retain this second supply. . . .
Mr. W. F. S., Manchester.

. . . I received a very clean shave, which I cannot in one operation obtain with a razor.
Mr. F. G., London.

. . . that the "Snow" shave which I had to-day is a cleaner shave than I ever got at the barbers . . .
Mr. R. R., London.

. . . which I received to-day from "Snow" is satisfactory in every respect. . . .
Mr. P. G. S., London

. . . the shave which I received to-day with one application of "Snow" is cleaner and closer than the shave I obtain with my razor. My face feels smooth and refreshed and there is no irritation or red flush at all.
A.A., London.

. . . The "Snow" shave took my beard away so close that I am amazed.
Mr. S., London.

. . . I have in the past used practically every variety of razors on the market and find that, in order to obtain a clean shave, at least four applications of lather are necessary. My first shave with "Snow" was, however, a revelation. After one application, a two days' growth was effectively removed, without any irritation, cuts or similar unpleasantness familiar to all users of the razor. Instead my face felt pleasingly refreshed and cool. You may use this letter in any way you wish.
Mr. M. G. B., London.

Originals of these testimonials may be inspected at our offices.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (DEPT J.B.5),
13, Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Please send me, post free, in accordance with your guarantee offer, One full-size box of "Snow," with spatula, **1/9**. Or One box, containing 2½ times as much, with spatula and special fibre brush, **2/9**. If ordered by C.O.D. add 4d.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"John Bull," 12/11/32 .....

PLEASE INSERT NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS. ©

HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY C. S. TURNER, FORMERLY OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver or kidney disorders, and in fact most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulations of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities, and form the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of '*Alkia Saltrates*' in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits or sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get '*Alkia Saltrates*' from any chemist, and I have proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—C. S. T.

Uric Acid Crystals highly magnified

TIRED MEN & WOMEN FIND WAY TO VIGOUR

All over the country reports are coming in of men and women, particularly men, who were tired out and worn out by the worries of the times, but who are now full of health and vigour.

It isn't only their wives who notice the change. So do their friends.

Yet it isn't anything new they have discovered. It is something doctors have been recommending for over 50 years. It is just that they have taken three glasses of Wincarnis a day.

Wincarnis is simply the purest of fine wine with all its bouquet and aroma, combined with the best beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It provides the stimulant you require as well as the vigour-creating powers needed to restore your energy. It soothes jaded nerves, ensures quiet, restful sleep, brings new life to the sick and the aged, new vitality to all who are worn out or run down. Try it to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

MOST INDIGESTION MERELY 'ACIDITY.'

Nearly everybody suffers at times after eating. Some folk call this indigestion, some dyspepsia, some heartburn, others gastritis, but no matter what you call it the chances are ten to one that the cause of the trouble is "acidity." Excess stomach acid sours food before it has a chance to digest, fermentation sets in and painful gases form. The surest and only logical way to relieve digestive trouble therefore is to remove the acid that causes it. 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only gives immediate relief from stomach pain by instantly neutralising excess acid, but also soothes, heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining so that healthy digestion follows painlessly and naturally. This is the only remedy to do all these things, and if you will get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from any chemist you can be sure to have the one thing that will really help your stomach and rid you of digestive trouble completely.

Have You CHRONIC BRONCHITIS?

That dry, hacking, irritating, "off-and-on" cough, worst at night, indicates Chronic Bronchitis. RAZ-MAH will stop the cough, cough, cough! Clean Capsules. No sprays, smokes, snuff. No harmful drugs or bad reactions. Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores. **Free Trial** from Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.21), 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

WOMEN UNDER Mussolini

"The little girls ... also regiment... —Junior Fasc... between the ages of fourteen ... eighteen during a march past

by Sylvia Pankhurst

ARE women worse off under Fascism?

They are, according to Sylvia Pankhurst, the famous feminist, who here reviews the position of women in Italy to-day after ten years of the dictatorship.

It is good news for them that, at least where his political enemies are concerned, Mussolini is now showing greater clemency.

HISTORIANS often say that woman was the first slave of primitive man.

Without going deeply into the vicissitudes which have taken place in the status of woman during the evolution of the human race, one can say that there could be no woman's movement, no political and social freedom for women, until the barbarous rule of force gave way to the more civilised forms of social organisation.

When the rule of force is daily demonstrated in every relation of life, woman of necessity becomes subordinate.

Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in Fascist Italy to-day. There force rules everywhere; democracy no longer exists.

The official biography of Mussolini by Margherita Sarfatti, which is read to the little boys and girls in the Italian elementary schools, bluntly says that the Dictator regards woman as a creature whose mission is to be beautiful and pleasing. "If she does not know she pleases, she is nervous and unhappy, and with good reason."

This may be taken as the official standpoint of Fascism towards woman.

The little boys between eight and fourteen are enrolled in Fascist training corps called the "Balilla." They drill with wooden rifles. At fourteen, they pass to the Avanguardisti, where Army rifles are used.

A magazine, *Il Balilla*, officially published to instruct the young minds of Italy, portrays the lads at school longing for a rifle, "whilst the women beside them bend over their sewing," passive as Fascism intends they should be.

Girl soldiers

I believe that to the average English mother, the idea of rearing her sons inevitably for war would be terrible indeed. Most English mothers, I believe, are hoping fervently for the day when universal peace will for ever free humanity from the miseries endured in the last Great War.

Only those who have passed from the Avanguardisti as youths are to be received as members of the Fascist levies and of the Fascist Party, who constitute the ruling class of Italy to-day and for whom the best positions and opportunities in the country are reserved.

The little girls are also regimented. They pass from the corps of "little Italians," where already they are taught they must produce soldier sons, and many of them, to that of the "young Italians," in which gymnastic and athletic competitions are organised and wherein the girls also carry rifles.

They are harangued by the Fascist chiefs, who tell them: "If one day you have to give a rifle to your sons, you will do it without whimpering."

Thence they pass to the Fascio Femminile. These women's groups, formed as a counterblast to the influence of the Church, have no concern with politics, which are strictly reserved as the prerogative of the fighting male. The official instruction ordains: "To the women's groups is committed the charitable work organised by the Party. This is a most effective means of propaganda and of penetration."

The Secretaries of the women's groups take their orders from the officers of the masculine unit.

From the Middle Ages the Italian Universities have always been open to women. And hitherto they have been appointed, without question, as professors. Fascist legislation has now decreed that women may no longer be professors in the universities and lyceums of Italy.

Women subordinated

A woman of high talent, Anita Colombo, who had organised the European tours of the great conductor Toscanini, was recently appointed as Director of the Scala Theatre in Milan.

The Fascist Press immediately raised an outcry, and *La Sera*, one of the noisiest, declared that for a woman, however capable, to manage the premier theatre of Italy, one of the premier theatres in the world, was "nonsense," "an abdication of the masculine character," "a defiance of the physiological order," "a wrong towards the Italian masters," and "an insult to lovers of dramatic art."

During the days when Mussolini's Fascio di Combattimenti were building up the power of the dictatorship by the terrorism of the rifle, the cudgel and castor oil, women were not exempt.

Many of Italy's most famous women in art, letters and social causes were seized by the Fascist gangs, their faces blackened and tumblers full of castor oil having been poured down their throats, they were beaten and dragged for hours through the streets, with their clothing dishevelled, suffering tortures which only the sensitive and imaginative can conceive.

On the widow of the murdered Deputy, Giacomo Matteotti, and his children a cruel martyrdom has been imposed during the eight years which have passed since his death. Their home is watched by the Fascist police and a searchlight plays on it at night that nobody may enter it unobserved.

Save for Signora Matteotti's brother, Tita Ruffo, the famous singer, no one dare visit them, for terrible punishment falls upon those who attempt to maintain friendship with the family.

Francesco F. Nitti, nephew of the former Italian Liberal Prime Minister of that name, was sent to five years on the penal island of Lipari because he visited that home and presented Velia Matteotti with a wreath to place on her husband's grave.

Dr. Germani, a distinguished physician, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, on the charge that he had returned to Italy to secure h... escape from the persecution she suff... in her native land.

Mlle. Adrienne Marchand, a Fren... musician, who, out of pity and affecti... persisted in visiting the sorrowi... family, was seized by the police a... thrust out of the country, without bei... given the right to communicate wi... the French Consul, or even to retu... to her lodgings to attend to her affai...

There are many other victims li... Velia Matteotti. Whenever an oppo... ent of Fascism escapes from Italy, h... wife and children are thus persecute...

Alberto Giannini, a well-know... Italian journalist, escaped to Franc... His house was raided, the title-dee... which comprised his savings, his wife... jewellery, and even the contents of h... little girl's money-box were confiscate...

His aged mother, his wife and thr... children were compelled to remain ... Rome, always shadowed by the polic... who follow the children to and fro... school and watch them at their pla... His wife fell ill and died in hospit... The police sat beside her bed till sh... drew her last breath.

Mrs. Rosselli, an English woma... married to an Italian, who had been ... Miss Cave before marriage, was im... prisoned when her husband escape... from Italy, but English protests secure... her release.

One refugee who escaped to Switzer... land was a young Italian woman wh... traversed Monte Rosa through the sno... with a child only eight months ol... clasped in her arms.

It is not only women who belong t... families opposed to Fascism who suffe... persecution from the lawlessness o... Fascist bands. A young Italian girl, i... fear of the Chief of the local Fascist... who desired her, fled from her nativ... village to her married sister in London...

Tormented

At once her residence here wa... opposed by Fascist under-cover agents... who again and again falsely notifie... the British authorities that she wa... employed by her brother-in-law an... depriving an Englishwoman of employ... ment. Repeatedly the allegation wa... disproved, but so persistent were he... tormentors that the British Ministr... of Labour decided that she should leave...

Her case was brought to my notice... and the most I could secure, after in... ducing several Members of Parliament... to intervene on her behalf, was that sh... might remain here until her brother-in... law could take her back to Italy an... arrange for her future welfare fa... away from her home and parents.

Let there be no mistake about th... absolute autocracy of the present... Italian Government, nor about the... fate of women under that autocracy... They are infinitely worse off as a result... of it than they ever were before.

New Corselette Offer To All Lady Readers

Style, Grace and Comfort. Try an Agpo. 1/-

This week we are introducing a new Corselette to Lady Readers of "John Bull."

It is called the Ambron Nu-style, and is specially designed with a hinged back to give comfort in bending. When the wearer is standing upright it contracts with smooth telescopic action, and will not ride up or cause discomfort.

Made in strong striped pink Coutille, it has brassiere front in soft web net. An Underbelt with side fastening ensures perfect diaphragm control. All steels are rustproof, and there are four strong elastic suspenders.

Try on at Home. Pay by Instalments.

The price of this New Model is only 8/11; but in order that you may try it on, before finally purchasing, we will send it to you, on approval, upon receipt of coupon below together with 1/- as deposit. When satisfied it will suit you, you may complete payment by sending the balance in monthly instalments of 2/- each instead of one sum of 7/11, if this method is preferred.

NU-STYLE MODEL COUPON

Please send me, on approval, a new Ambron Nu-Style Model at present price of 8/11. My measurements are:—

Bust ..... Hips.....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. Bust.
I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- or more. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.
State Bust and Hip measurements and enclose Coupon with name and full address and postal order crossed thus / /.
Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.
"John Bull," 12/11/32. No. 509.
Post your Order at once to:—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 800, Ambron House, 96, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

SMOKE THAT CATARRH AWAY!

If you keep on getting colds or coughs you want to be very sure that your trouble isn't really an early stage of catarrh. Catarrh is a definite disease that is very hard to eradicate once it gets a firm foothold.

There is one sure way to end a cold or cure catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system. Even chronic victims of asthma find Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes relieve the paroxysms in making breathing easier.

Try them to-day, but be sure you get Dr. Blosser's, for their formula is the only really proven one. From any chemist, or if you prefer send a card for free sample packet of 4 to Dr. Blosser, Ltd., (Dept. 121, C.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

FUR COLLAR BARGAIN

This Natural Australian Opossum Collar is in a lovely shade of Grey. Exquisitely cut and modelled in the fashionable Pelerine style. Beautifully lined & ready for fitting to coat. Size: 18 x 7in. Price 24/6 Terms: 4/- per month. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Coats, Ties, Wraps, &c. Keenest Prices and Easy Terms. 4/- NOW

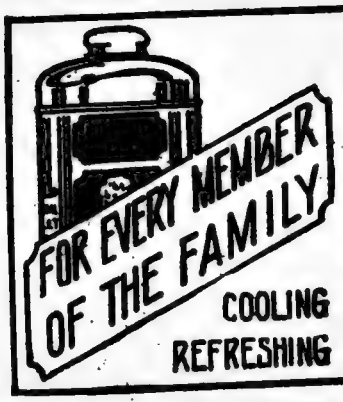
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Smart appearance got him a Better Job

Had you seen Carter you would have said he was the man to get promotion. He's not only efficient, he *shows* it; looks keen — result of being always well-shaved. Which means that he isn't content to use ordinary soap for shaving; *he* uses one that's made specially for the job. Yet you'll never find him paying a shilling or more. Not likely! He pays *only sixpence* for Lever's Easy Shaving Stick, which his wife gets for him at her dealer's. Gives him a close, comfortable shave a hundred times over.

100 shaves for 6d

A LEVER PRODUCT E 217-172-55



Cuticura Talcum

Soothes and cools Father's face and removes the after-shaving shine, comforts Baby's tender skin and prevents chafing and irritation, and gives the finishing touch to Mother's toilet.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

STEAD Razor Blades

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6d

USE A "STEAD" INSTEAD

the once-over Blade.

Supplied in a handy Wallet enabling you to use each blade once per week for months and months.

You cannot buy better blades

The World Way

The right way for treating obesity is now employed by doctors the world over. It is based on a new discovery—a gland cause.

Modern science finds that a great cause of excess fat lies in a scanty gland secretion. Then food which should be turned to energy simply piles up fat. Thus people grow both fat and lazy through the same gland cause.

Doctors everywhere now feed that lacking factor. They know that abnormal exercise and diet can never bring fat down, and vim back, while that lack exists.

Marmola prescription tablets do what modern doctors do. They feed a like gland, taken from food animals. A famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others the results, and the use has spread. Excess fat has been disappearing fast in those years as everybody knows. It will go faster when more people recognize this right way to reduce.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83Q), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA COMPANY (Dept. 83Q), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.
Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.
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IT'S YOURS TO-DAY
Gentleman's Watch. 15 Jewel Solid Gold £4 4s. Solid Silver £2-12-6
FOR 5/- DOWN and 12 monthly payments.
WATCHES RINGS CLOCKS
COLOURED CATALOGUE FREE
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ROLL UP!
Buy a packet of ZIG-ZAGS and some of your favourite tobacco now; and roll up a *fresh* cigarette whenever you want it. Make sure you ask for ZIG-ZAG in the original automatic packing.
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Pain vanishes with "DAISY." But "DAISY'S" quick relief is SAFE too. Containing NO injurious drugs, "DAISY" does not depress nor affect the heart or digestion. "I lay great stress both on its efficiency and safety," writes a doctor. Take "DAISY" for Headache, Neuralgia, Tic, Rheumatism and Women's Pains.
DAISY
DAISY POWDERS 2d. each, 4 for 7½d. DAISY brand TABLETS 6d. per tube.
Daisy, Ltd., Horsforth, Leeds.

FREE YOUR CLUB TIE
Wear YOUR Club Colours
Thousands of Football enthusiasts are giving their moral support to their favourites, through the generosity of the "Big Two," by wearing their Club Colours in the form of a beautiful MACCLESFIELD TIE, which is being given away FREE.
Give YOUR team every encouragement
TO WIN
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or any other match.
Help them to feel at HOME, even when they are playing AWAY, by wearing your Club Colours.
A COMPLETE SERVICE
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227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

I WAS twenty-five, workless and desperate. Sitting on the sea-wall, I was gradually yielding to the impulse to end it all. Suddenly four children ran towards me. A large dog had frightened them.

Two little toddlers clambered on my knees; the other two mounted the wall and nearly strangled me with their arms tight round my neck.

I felt a strange revulsion of feeling. The kiddies felt safe. They had faith in me. My own faith in myself returned.

I owe more than my life to those children. They saved my soul.—*Seasider, N. Wales.*

Joyful Work

Seated in a bath-chair day after day for more years than I care to remember, many are the hours I should have to spend in idleness and despair were it not for little children.

Living near an elementary school, I am well known to the children. Each day some of them come to me with their troubles—a ship with a broken sail to repair, or an engine that won't go, or difficulties with home lessons.

What I owe to children is my gratitude for many happy hours, which otherwise would be spent in misery and despair.—*A. R., Neath.*

Peace at Last!

Sleepless nights, burdensome days, doctors' bills galore—this when little.

Then a struggle to make ends meet, a greater struggle to keep the home tidy, an impossible task to answer childish questions—this when growing up.

Demands for lipstick or subscriptions to clubs, frayed nerves and sensibilities owing to their fault-finding, the "cold shoulder"—this when in their 'teens.

Finally, peace, quietude, relief—this when they married and cleared off.—*J. P., Southfields.*

Second Childhood

I am an old man, approaching eighty, and find myself completely out of touch with modern ways and people.

It is with children I find an abiding happiness and content. Little people share their confidences and complete understanding exists between us.

It is said that old people grow childish. Perhaps we do. And perhaps this "second childhood" is responsible for that freemasonry which exists between the very old and the very young.

Be that as it may, the lives of we old people would be very lonely but for the friendship and understanding of little children.—"*Grandpa,*" *Parsons Green, S.W.*

No Colour Bar

Tolerance, greatest of all lessons, has been taught me by the children of this busy seaport.

Youthful enthusiasts in many games, the fact that some of the players are dark-skinned is entirely ignored. Race, religion and nationality are cast aside in the common pursuit of happiness where comradeship reigns supreme.

An example of international good will that might well be followed by their elders in the name of our human brotherhood.

That broadminded spirit of childhood which asks only sportsmanship has put me in their debt for a wonderful lesson.—*W. Groves, Hull.*

What I Owe to Children

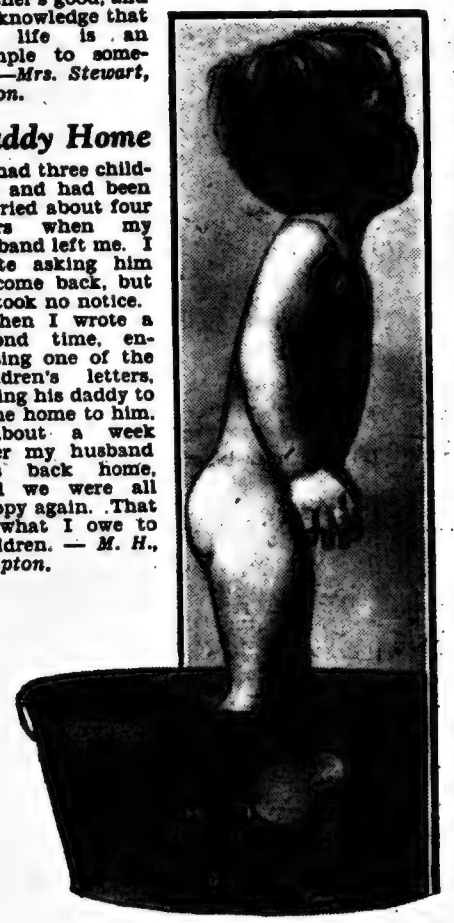
Wonderful

The painful yet exquisite experience of birth.

The grandeur of responsibility of a marvellous and precious possession.

The outlet for all that is good in me, and an insight into the most wonderful and interesting thing in creation, the child mind.

The joy derived from sacrifice for another's good, and the knowledge that my life is an example to someone.—*Mrs. Stewart, Ryton.*



Daddy Home

I had three children, and had been married about four years when my husband left me. I wrote asking him to come back, but he took no notice.

Then I wrote a second time, enclosing one of the children's letters, asking his daddy to come home to him.

About a week later my husband was back home, and we were all happy again. That is what I owe to children.—*M. H., Clapton.*

Britain Safe

In a world of adults, composed largely of rogues, fools and self-seekers, I owe to children my faith in the successful future of our country.

I have fifty of them—from 9 a.m. till 4 p.m. Full of high spirits and varied of intellect, they are eager to learn—trusting, friendly little souls, ever anxious to "play the game."

Unless contact with a world beset with doubts and difficulties spoils them, they have the making of reliable, fair-minded citizens, in whose hands the destiny of our country is perfectly secure.—*J. S. R., Glasgow.*

Seeds Planted

I was more or less content with my labouring job and a home in a poor city tenement. When my two boys were at school I realised my lack of education, and that I was fast losing their respect and admiration.

I decided to attend evening classes and commenced by studying accountancy, English and arithmetic. To-day I have to thank my children for the seeds of ambition which they innocently planted, and that I now hold an administrative post with the company which previously employed me as a labourer.—*Father, Dumbartonshire.*

Broken—Mended

It was Christmas, 1926. I was in hospital at Bordeaux, recovering from a broken head incurred at sea during a heavy tempest.

Among foreigners, far from home and isolated by the language barrier, I greeted Christmas Day with a sick heart.

At six o'clock a group of French children entered the ward and gave a merry show—singing, dancing and acting. Although I was ignorant of the language, my spirits rose.

To those children I owe a cheery Christmas night and, I am sure, a speedy recovery.—*A. J. M., Barry.*

Ripe Harvest

The pleasure of bringing up children is known only to those who have had the delight of watching baby grow up to a sturdy youngster, the interesting age of three or four years, then school, and later the reaching of manhood or womanhood.

It is obvious on the face of things that a young couple without encumbrances (?) are able to have many superficial pleasures denied to couples with children; but the harvest reaped in later years makes one realise the "fuller life" that is attained from family life.—"*Just Two,*" *Leeds.*

* * *

I should not enjoy my holiday at the seaside each year but for my children.—*J. J. W., Bermondsey.*

The possession of a family gives one a wider outlook on life, a greater understanding and patience, a stronger bond between husband and wife.—*P. A. Snelling, London.*

Practically everything which makes life worth living.—*Schoolmarm, Wisbech.*

I overheard my boy talking to his chum. They were discussing their fathers. If I have become a better man, it is through my determination not to shatter my boy's faith in me.—*J. McL., New Malden.*

The roof over my head, my bread and butter, and sometimes a little cake and jam. I am a maternity nurse.—*A. M. B., Eltham.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, November 15.

What the Bible has Done for Me.

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS

Football Selections for November 12

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) MANCHESTER C. v. Wolves.
(2) BLACKPOOL v. Middlesbrough.
*(3) W. B. ALBION v. Chelsea.
(4) BLACKBURN v. Liverpool.
(5) ARSENAL v. Newcastle.
(6) Birmingham v. HUDDERSFIELD.
*(7) DERBY v. Bolton.
(8) EVERTON v. Aston Villa.
**(9) LEEDS v. Leicester.
(10) Wednesday v. Portsmouth.
(11) SUNDERLAND v. Sheffield U.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) LINCOLN v. Hotspur
(2) West Ham v. Grimsby.
**(3) BRADFORD C. v. Burnley.
(4) BURY v. Manchester U.
(5) Chesterfield v. PRESTON.
*(6) FULHAM v. Oldham.
(7) Millwall v. Charlton.
(8) Notts v. PLYMOUTH.
*(9) PORT VALE v. Forest.
(10) Southampton v. Stoke.
(11) SWANSEA v. Bradford.

SOUTHERN SECTION.
(1) COVENTRY v. Gillingham.
(2) LUTON v. Norwich.
*(3) TORQUAY v. Cardiff.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Bristol R.
**(5) BRENTFORD v. Watford.
(6) BRISTOL C. v. Palace.
(7) Orient v. Q.P. Rangers.
(8) EXETER v Reading.
(9) Swindon v. Aldershot.
(10) NORTHAMPTON v. Southend.

NORTHERN SECTION.
(1) Hartlepools v. BARROW.
(2) WREXHAM v. Crewe.
(3) Barnsley v. CHESTER.
(4) DARLINGTON v. Rotherham.
(5) Doncaster v. Accrington.
(6) GATESHEAD v. Southport.
(7) HALIFAX v. Carlisle.
**(8) HULL v. New Brighton.
(9) STOCKPORT v. Mansfield.
(10) TRANMERE v. York.
*(11) WALSALL v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Falkirk v ABERDEEN.
(2) Queen's Park v. HEARTS.
*(3) ST. MIRREN v. Cowdenbeath.
(4) Airdrie v. PARTICK.
(5) Ayr v. MOTHERWELL.
**(6) CELTIC v. E. Stirling.
(7) Dundee v. Third Lanark.
(8) HAMILTON v. Kilmarnock.
**(9) RANGERS v. Morton.
(10) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Clyde.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I—9 (*H*); Div. II—8 (*A*); Northern Section—8 (*H*); Scottish League—6 (*H*) would indicate Leeds, Plymouth, Hull City and Celtic.

The Manufacturers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Guarantee that....

Player's Cigarettes are manufactured from perfect Tobacco naturally matured and at 10 for 6° and 20 for 11½° they are the best value in the Cigarette world.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

N.C.C.138.D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

STOP THAT COLD WITH 'ASPRO' NOW

Colds are about—also signs of 'flu. Quick action and protection are the key words of the hour. The use of 'ASPRO' is your quick action—protection is the result. If you have got the 'flu or a cold, remember, a hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' tablets will banish it in one night. This statement has been proved beyond all doubt by many thousands of people, so why take risks? Why not definitely act now, and purchase a packet of 'ASPRO' for 'flu and cold protection? It is always handy, too, for all nerve pains—headache—irritability — sleeplessness — sciatica — neuralgia — rheumatism — lumbago. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is an internal antiseptic—an anti-periodic—an anti-pyretic—and a solvent of uric acid. That's why it acts so quickly, and attacks the causes of numerous complaints.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:

GOLLIN & Co. Pty. Ltd.

('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Phone: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

'FLU, COLDS AND HEADACHES BANISHED

Loddiges Road, Mare Street, Hackney, E.9.

Gentlemen,
It is with the greatest pleasure that I write this letter to prove the genuine effect of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I some times have a headache which is unbearable, but a little while after I have taken two 'ASPRO' tablets it has gone. When I have felt a "flu" cold coming over me, I have gone to bed, drunk some hot lemon water with 2 'ASPRO' tablets and the next morning I am as "fit as a fiddle."
I am,
Yours gratefully, B.C.R.

INFLUENZA COLD GOES THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

57, Fairleigh Road, Cardiff.

Dear Sirs,
I feel I must let you know of the benefit I have received from your wonderful tablets. I have just got over an influenza cold thanks to 'ASPRO.' I was advised to take them by my wife who is a firm believer in 'ASPRO' for headaches. In future I will not hesitate to recommend them to anyone.
Yours sincerely,
E. J. WOODS.

'ASPRO' IS ALL BRITISH.

PAINS IN HEAD LEGS & BODY BANISHED

1, Council Depot, Endsleigh Rd., Southall.

Dear Sir,
I am writing to you, I have been a sufferer with my head and pains in the legs and I must say I am much better. I could not sleep at night for the pains about the body. But since I have taken 'ASPRO' I am a new woman and always will recommend 'ASPRO.' They have saved me from a long illness.
E. BIRCH.

ASPRO

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

UNLIMITED XMAS HAMPERS added to JOHN BULL'S FINE X-WORD PRIZE-LIST!

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA **£100** BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

Make merry this Christmas with a big Hamper from "John Bull"! This week's unlimited offer of these seasonable awards means that every prize-winner in this contest will receive a fine Hamper as well as a cash award.

The cash attractions for solving the amusing puzzle below consist of a huge 2-in-1 First Prize of £300 and a Life Pension of 30s. weekly, with £200 to be divided among Runners-up as announced.

Start to-night on the solution to this puzzle which may make Christmas, 1932, the best you have ever enjoyed. But be sure that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, November 17!

BIG XMAS HAMPER

ADDED TO EVERY PRIZE

Ten seasonable luxuries are contained in these Hampers arriving just before Sunday, December 25:—

Plum Xmas Pud . . . Sausages . . . Xmas Pudding . . . Dundee Cake . . . Biscuits and Almonds . . . Chocolates . . . Cigarettes . . . Crackers . . . Biscuits and a Bottle of Fine Old Port.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £900 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Big Xmas Hamper added to every winner's prize. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up, from whom we have received two six-penny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 24th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 1.

CLUES ACROSS

1. People take waters here.
4. Not fresh.
9. This works by lever movement.
10. One who reads.
12. Before.
13. Rushy plant.
15. Sometimes cause entanglement.
16. Where racing takes place.
17. Food is boiled in one.
19. Some people run to get into this.
25. It's often hard to hold yours.
27. Put to some purpose.
29. Money paid for accommodation.
31. Birds which waddle.
34. Easy to read.
36. Observed.
37. Cut made at random.
38. Regret.
39. Often empty cowboy's pockets.

CLUES DOWN

1. Clears the cobwebs away.
2. Bird that imitates you.
3. Consumed.
4. You put your foot in it.
5. Gets up.
6. Sheltered side of a ship.
7. Mould.
8. Sometimes seen on Xmas card.
11. Outcast is often glad of this.
14. Where pig lives.
18. Gives shade in garden.
20. A simpleton.
21. Speeded.
22. Lancers are associated with this.
23. Outstanding feature of some sea pictures.
24. Lose strength.
26. Are eaten for tea.
28. Sometimes used for ornament.
30. May endanger a boat.
32. Employed.
33. Finds weak spot in your shoes.
35. An age.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co. Write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 17th, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 1st, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 13th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, the cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

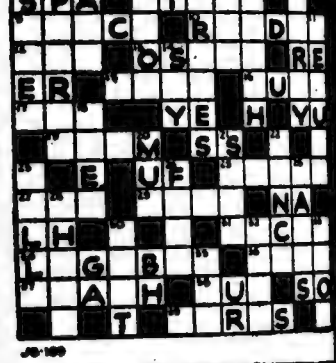
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

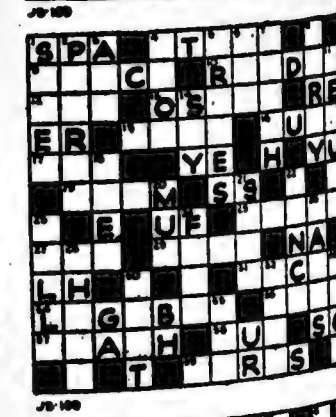
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

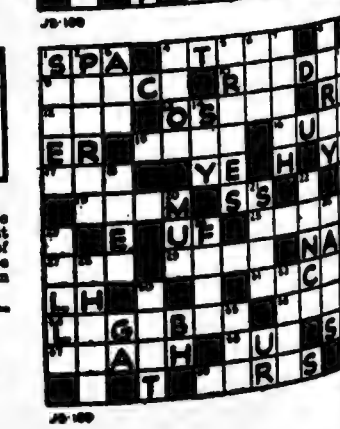
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

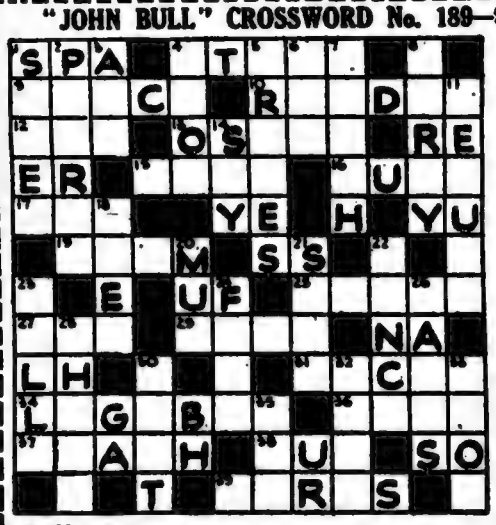






WIN A MERRY CHRISTMAS THIS EVENING!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 189—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 17.



JB·189

JB·189

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 189—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 17.

JB·189

JB·189

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

JB·187

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 187

Winners in 183 on page 44. Result of 187 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 187 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 189, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs LAST

JIM (Purley). — "Ignorance is bliss." You happy soul.

PHILIP (Dartford).—"I live on my merits." Poor fellow.

D. E. (Saltash).—"There is nothing like a ukulele." No, thank goodness.

H. E. A. (Swindon).—"I seem to be at the end of difficulties." Which end?

V. C. (Norbury).—"He who laughs longest ——." Always sits behind us at the talkies.

N. V. (Luton).—"I was in a car accident that knocked me senseless." When do you expect to recover?

S. J. (Frisby).—"Do you know that women's feet are getting larger?" Yes, but not their shoes.

ORMOND (New York).—"You can say what you like about America." That wouldn't take very long!

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"What could office workers desire more than a five-day week?" A five-day week-end.

G. M. F. (Goole).—"I have learned to live within my income." But not without it?

T. B. (Grimsby).—"I don't mind how dull business is." Are you a knife grinder?

E. D. (Stowe).—"It isn't what a man says that counts." No, it's his wife's answer.

R. W. (Cuffley).—"I believe in always lying on the right side." What are you—a lawyer?

C. W. (Tewkesbury).—"He will not tell me what he paid for his car." Perhaps he hasn't.

ALEC (Bromley).—"What is the line of least resistance?" With a girl, generally her waist line.

A. L. (Highbury).—"I like your paper." You encourage us to bring out another issue next week.

M. M. (Leith).—"I know what I am talking about." That's where you have the advantage over us.

T. M. (London, W.).—"What is the modern girl out for?" Possibly because home is too tame for her.

F. T. (Wigan).—"I am told that the Shah of Persia has twelve cooks." What a mess his broth must be in.

H. M. (New York).—"In America snoring is considered sufficient grounds for divorce." A sound reason, too.

JOE T. (Slough).—"I should like to see a big 'Back to Work' drive." Take a look at the early morning 'buses and trams.

H. M. (Southend).—"I am a flat resident and the singing of another tenant is sending me mad." We can't stand flat singing, either.

F. M. (Leeds).—"The tradesmen give me such black looks when I ask for credit." So does our coalman, even when we pay cash.

H. H. (Oxford).—"My sweetheart, who is a chiropodist, says he would do anything for me." You've got him at your feet all right.

D. P. (Ely).—"I have invented a little gadget which will make the smoker's work lighter." But will it make the smoker's lighter work?

F. A. (Bury).—"Your page is doubtless just the thing for a person of weak intellect." But remember it is published for other people besides you.

MISS V. (Waltham Cross).—"I am getting married to a man with the queer surname of Something." So you will have Something to live on?

B. G. (Manchester).—"Where shall we look first for true signs of the coming trade revival?" The first upward tendency will appear at mouth corners.

N. O. (East Ardsley).—"The best thing about a car is that it keeps the family out in the open air at week-ends." Personally, we prefer one that gets us home.

ENGINEER (Lewes).—"I have an instrument that can measure the point of a pin." If you had only enclosed it we might have seen some point in your letter.

SCIENTIST (London, S.W.).—"Unlike that of most animals, the human skin is valueless." Judging by his hasty disappearance after kicking his football through the drawing-room window, our small nephew seems to value his very highly indeed.

Philosopher (Birmingham).— "When a thing is troubling you, sleep on it." But what if the thing is a blackberry bush?

C. A. (London, N.).—"What constitutes a trial marriage?" Any marriage.

K. L. (Taunton).—"Cocktails give me an appetite." For more cocktails?

H. P. (Romford).—"I have profited by my mistakes." And now you are wealthy?

MRS. M. (Lewisham).—"My husband growls all over the house." See letter below.

MR. M. (Lewisham).—"I lead a dog's life." See letter above.

F. B. (Diss).—"The 'flu germ moves with great rapidity." And yet it is easily caught.

A. N. (London, E.C.).—"'Road up' signs are no joke." Yet they divert the traffic.

T. M. (Tamworth).—"Are you saving for your wife's Christmas present?" No, slaving.

H. G. (Soho).—"Foggy weather is depressing and cripples trade." The November handicap?

C. L. (Brighton).—"I don't know what I'll do if my invention does not work." You'll have to.

A. B. (Hackney).—"The modern servant is not at all ignorant." Travel broadens the mind.

G. N. (Letchworth).—"Do you remember the first letter I sent you?" No, time is a great healer.

D. M. (Daventry).—"What is better than a glass of old port after a hearty dinner?" Bismuth.

N. P. (Holloway).—"I have bought some period furniture." Twenty-four monthly payments?

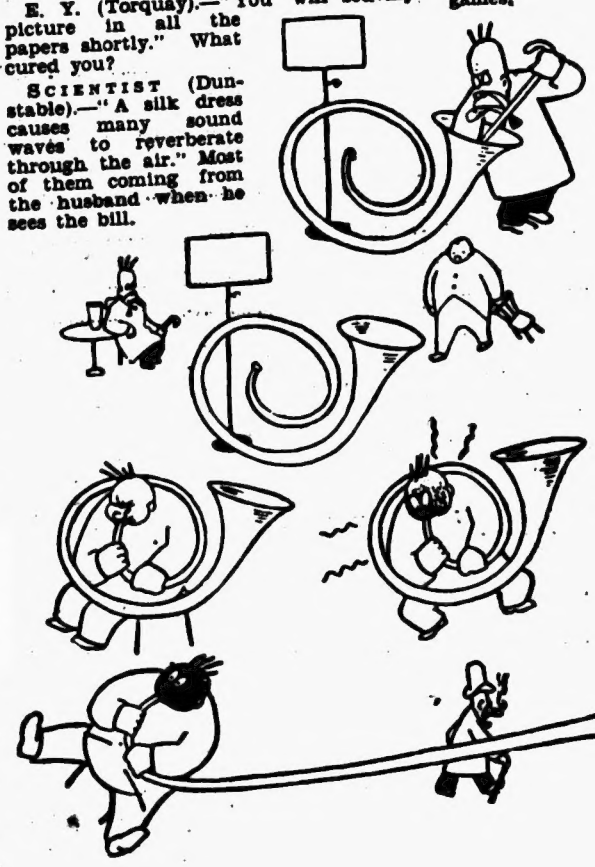
VERA (Colchester).—"I was annoyed when he asked me to remove my mask at the dance." Hadn't you one on?

MRS. F. (Walton).—"I completely knocked myself up making my Christmas puddings." And now you cannot stir?

A. B. (Gourock).—"Why cannot the modern girl occupy her time with fancy work?" Because she doesn't fancy work.

E. Y. (Torquay).—"You will see my picture in all the papers shortly." What cured you?

SCIENTIST (Dunstable).—"A silk dress causes many sound waves to reverberate through the air." Most of them coming from the husband when he sees the bill.



A. I. T. (Bloomsbury).—"I am never going to marry." You pacifist!

DEBATER (Grotton).—"I can think while I talk." You should talk more?

MISS T. (Manchester).—"Many times have I been asked to marry." By your hard-up father?

G. W. (Liverpool).—"Married men are much more inventive than bachelors." They have to be.

KITTY (Keston).—"He boasts he can marry any girl he pleases." Perhaps he doesn't please any.

EVA (Ardwick).—"I never speak to strangers." Have you never had a wrong number on the 'phone?

S. W. (Brixton).—"We have no masters of fiction in England, now." What about our weather prophets?

J. C. C. (Accrington).—"Christmas is a problem when you've got seven mouths to feed." The answer is on page 43. There are over 700 Christmas Feasts for good *Bullets* this week and one of them can be yours.

R. W. M. (Glasgow).—"A popular song writer has many imitators." But they all died before he was born.

MRS. T. (Harrow).—"Do you own a wireless set or have you to go out when you want entertainment?" Yes.

T. N. (Exeter).—"Scientists have discovered that fish expand as the water gets colder." Then some of our angling friends must keep their catches in ice.

P. C. (Kew).—"We have in England today many young musicians who should go far." One of them lives next door to us.

R. E. (Fulham).—"Walking is excellent exercise." It certainly exercises the wits if you walk along a busy road these days.

CHAPLAIN (Dartmoor).—"Many budding poets are to be found in our prisons." But most of them are unfortunately at large.

F. L. (Croydon).—"There is one thing the average business man misses when he lives in the suburbs." His train to the office?

A. D. (Bath).—"Every prison in America has its baseball team." We understand the men are especially keen on away games.

REGGIE (Cheltenham).—"That love in a cottage stuff seems to me out of date." Yes, it has become a little flat.

JOE (Burnley).—"Can you guess what I said the only time I ever spoke before a large audience?" "Not guilty."

TRAVELLER (London, N.W.).—"The inhabitants of a South Sea island are agitating for a broadcasting service." Many disgruntled listeners would willingly let them have theirs.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

ADAMSON—
Forces the Pace

REMARKABLE HAIR GROWTH

Radio-Activity's Newest Application

Even quite Bald Men and Women Grow New Hair and the Grey-headed Recover the Colour of Youth.

FREE TRIAL FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

"THANKS to an important discovery, the growth of your Hair is now under your own control. No matter your age, occupation, sex, or circumstances, you can be the proud possessor of a luxurious head of hair in a few weeks from to-day, and look many years younger than your present age."

You will see that I have a lovely head of hair after having been completely bald at the back of my head. — (Signed) D. LOMAN.

So states Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Hair Scientist, Principal of the Renew Hair Institute, and benefactor of hundreds of thousands of sufferers from hair and scalp troubles.

WONDERFUL NEW HAIR-FORCING POWER.

Being convinced that there must still be many people who have no personal knowledge of his discovery and use of the Radio-active Waters of his Celebrated Thermal Spring at Matlock Bath, Mr. Godfrey is to-day announcing a splendid GIFT OFFER, which will demonstrate in homes all over the country this marvellous new hair-forcing power more emphatically than any amount of mere assertion.

A THREE-FOLD GIFT.

To every case, if application is made on the form below, he will dispatch, without any obligation, a three-fold hair-growing gift, viz.:—

1. Supply of Radio-active Hair Tonic.
2. Hair Growth and Maintenance Book.
3. Personal Letter of Advice.

This Free Offer is Open to all sufferers from any and every form of Hair or Scalp Trouble, including:—

1. Weak, impoverished hair. 2. Dull, faded, or grey hair. 3. Baldness—partial, patchy, or complete. 4. Splitting, brittle hair. 5. Scurfy or greasy scalp. 6. Dry, irritable scalp. 7. Hair brushing out excessively. 8. White or grey patches.

MORE THAN A QUARTER-MILLION BENEFITED.

Now, while this offer is still before you, examine the top of your head in the mirror. See for yourself what is happening to your hair. If you notice the slightest cause for anxiety, take instant action, and post the coupon. Don't delay until the trouble becomes plain to other people—until women friends sympathise with you and men friends "chip" you about it.

My hair is growing lovely. It is black and curly on top. I was quite bald six weeks ago.—(Mrs.) F. WILLIS.

START GROWING NEW HAIR NOW

Send This Form

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.), Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice. I enclose two 1½d. stamps value 3d. to cover postage and packing.

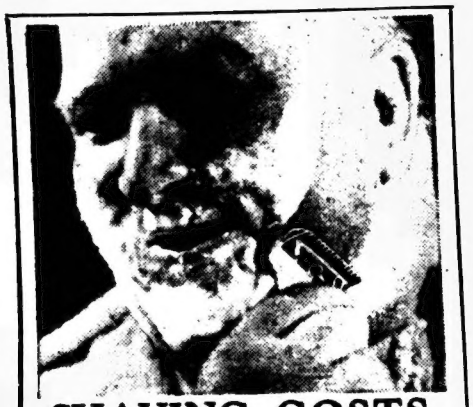
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please Print in Block Capitals.

Please state here subject of Hair ailment .....

If a Tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Shampoo is also required, please enclose extra 3d. in stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square. ☐



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Use Shard Blades 6D. for 4.

Men! Do you know this? A single sixpenny packet of Shard blades will give you close, clean, comfortable shaves for a full month or more. Shard blades are 6d. for 4. British made from the finest Sheffield steel, they are packed in patent packets—from which you take out your blade as easily as you take a stamp out of a book.

You can buy Shard blades from Boots, Taylors', Halfords, Timothy Whites, W. H. Smith and Sons, etc., etc.

SHARD — ALL BRITISH SHEFFIELD STEEL

Get a packet to-day and try them out.

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Nostroline Nasal Specific relieves Catarrh in 30 seconds. Opens breathing passages, clears head, soothes away rawness, soreness, or congestion in nose and throat. Banishes deafness and head noises. At all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

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For Rheumatism get 'Puritan Salts,' 6d. at Chemists.

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NEVER FREE FROM PAIN

Mrs. LONGLEY, 39, Northfield Place, Rothwell Haigh, Yorks., writes:—"For years I suffered from Stomach Trouble. I had pain day and night, could not sleep and could not eat, in fact I could not bear the smell of food I had prepared. I sent for a 5/- bottle of Vitadatio and I began to feel great benefit. I am now on my 15th bottle and can assure you it is working wonderful on me.

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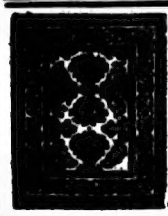

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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DOTTED throughout the country are hundreds of thousands of houses watched over by JOHN BULL with unceasing care—all homes of registered readers of JOHN BULL.

In many, no cloud has ever come to darken the fair horizon. But in many others Fire has destroyed precious possessions, storm and flood have created havoc, sickness prevented the breadwinner from following his usual vocation, accident taken a heavy toll.

Ask those who have met with adversity and they will recall with pleasure and gratitude the substantial cheque paid to them by JOHN BULL under its generous scheme of Free Insurance benefits.

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CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 12/11/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 12/11/32

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT *Christmas Gift to you!*

SEE PAGE 44

For House Beauty— it needs no scrubbing

Mrs. Housewife, do not buy your new Floor Covering until you have seen the new book of Catesbys Cork Lino—the world's best Floor Covering that needs no scrubbing. Postcard gets book and samples free if you mention Dept. K.19.

CATESBYS LTD. (Dept. K19), Tottenham Court Rd., LONDON, W.1.

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THIS 200 PAGE BOOK ON SUCCESSFUL ENGINEERING CAREERS FREE

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Can you allow any opportunity for a first-class job to pass by unheeded? "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" points the sure way to many such opportunities. You cannot afford to miss this book. It gives details of all recognised Examinations (A.M.Inst. C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., G.P.O., etc.), outlines Modern Home-study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Radio, Aero and "Talkie" Engineering, and explains the unique advantages of our Employment Dept. The book is FREE. Send a postcard for your copy NOW.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—**"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)**—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B. 50), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice on request.

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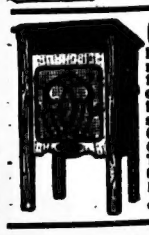
For quicker relief, let your child inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapour while sleeping. Every breath carries the medicated vapour direct to the seat of the trouble, bringing instant relief. Drugless Complete directions with every bottle. For 53 years the proved vapour treatment for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Of all Chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene

Disinfects the room.

Send for Booklet No. 6C. ALLEN & HANBURYS, LTD 37D., Lombard Street LONDON, E.C.3



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Rheumatism of every kind quickly yields to URACE Brand Tablets, because they dissolve the deadly uric acid that causes the pain, and drive it from the system.

GOUT
GRAMP
BACKACHE
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
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KIDNEY TROUBLES
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LUMBAGO
Etc. Etc.

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BRAND TABLETS

1/3 3/- 5/- *from your Chemist*

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE to Urace Laboratories, Dept. 53, 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1

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10,723 BULLETS' PRIZES MUST BE WON
OTHER PRIZES
£50 £25
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2,000 RED SEAL TARGET PRIZES
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INCREASED TO 700!
Xmas Feasts
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200
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10 TURKEY PENSIONS
ENTITLING YOU TO A BIG XMAS TURKEY YEARLY AS LONG AS YOU LIVE - OR ONE IN CHEQUE IF PREFERRED
200 HUGE XMAS HAMPERS
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500 BIG ICED CHRISTMAS CAKES
VALUE 12/6 EACH
A LUSCIOUS MASTERPIECE FROM BUSZARDS LTD. WORLD-FAMOUS CONFECTIONERS.

700 MORE CHRISTMAS INVITATIONS THIS WEEK

WITH Christmas rapidly approaching, JOHN BULL calls to-day for 700 more guests to join his colossal party on December 25. Here is the best opportunity to secure a Christmas feast which you have yet had this year.

Why shouldn't a *Bullet* of yours capture one of those fine 12s. 6d. Christmas Cakes from Buszards, Ltd.? Or perhaps your reward may be still bigger—in the shape of one of those famous *Bullets* Hampers which Dickens himself might have packed.

A slightly better *Bullet* may make you a "Turkey Pensioner," with the privilege of receiving a magnificent JOHN BULL Turkey this Christmas and every Christmas as long as you live.

Making up a *Bullet* is merely a matter of putting together TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS to form some telling comment on the affairs of the day, some potted epigram, or some amusing sally.

To show you the way to work, suppose you choose the *Example* MAP OF THE WORLD, your first idea might run RED STANDS FOR BRITISH. And then, improving the phrasing and adding to the meaning of the phrase, you might arrive at the completed *Bullet*. MAP OF THE WORLD—WHERE "RED" MEANS LOYALTY.

Study closely the list of winning *Bullets* printed below and you will speedily see how to turn an ordinary idea into a prize-worthy effort.

Then get busy with your own *Bullets*, and remember that your entry must be in by Saturday, November 19.

RESULT OF 20TH BIRTHDAY CONTEST, No. 868

FIRST PRIZE, £12 WEEKLY LIFE PENSION OR £5,000 CASH.

Mr. A. W. RICE, 22, Queen's Mews, Moscow Road, London, W.

Example—A HIGHWAYMAN
Bullet:—PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mrs D. V. BROOKS, "Pendennis," Pill, Nr. Bristol.
Example:—Son Of The Soil
Bullet:—"Wanted Man"—Increase "Reward"!

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. W. ELLIS, The Studio, Sidmouth.
Example:—Sacked
Bullet:—*Luckless* Numbers, Depression's "Sweep."

20 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

BLEST, 37, Townley Street, Chorley, Lancs.
Ship of State—Aground Off "Dilly-dally Lighthouse."

Miss L. BROWN, "Ardmohr," Gorebridge, Midlothian.
Without A Friend—Until Mule Kicked Sergeant-major.

W. BROWN, 37, Park Road, Northville, Bristol.
Son Of The Soil—"Homeward Plods"—Magneto Trouble!

BRYANT, 17, Southcombe Street, London, W.
Humanity's Problem—Since Adam, "I'm First!"

COKER, The Oaks, Fyfield, Ongar.
Son Of The Soil—Slow Moving—Fast "Going."

F. DADSWELL, 121, Abington Avenue, Northampton.
Hungry World—"Wandering" With Visible Means.

E. FRANCIS, 25, Upper Luton Road, Chatham.
Madness—Unemployed "Pleading" With Brickbats.

H. GREEN, 32, School Lane, Brinscall.
Hard Cash—Provides "Trumpet," Not "Harp."

GURNEY, 33, Burney Avenue, Surbiton.
Ship Of State—Entering "Life's Whirlpool," Cradle.

MARSHALL, 53, Cottenham Road, London, N.
Without A Friend—"Poverty" We *Can* Avoid.

B. McKENZIE, 320, Duke Street, Glasgow, E.
Ship Of State—Prince "Sinks Himself" In.

B. MILLER, Middleham, Yorks.
Man On The Road—I've Dropped "Picking Up."

MINTO 4, Newton Road, London, W.
Like The Prince—"Remember Me, Smith?"

H. NUTTALL, 60, Radstock Road, Stretford, Lancs.
Humanity's Problem—Keeping "Stable In Mind."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

PICKERING, "Alyth," Grange Road, Alvaston, Derby.
Humanity's Problem—"What Can I Do?"

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

J. H. PILGRIM, "Kenley," Camphill Road, West Byfleet, Surrey.
When Wife's At Work—"Wooden Spoon's" A *Winner*.

Miss I. PRESTON, 123, Ellen Street, Preston.
Without A Friend—Woebegone—Go, Be One!

A. C. PRIDDEY, 230, Tiverton Road, Bournbrook, Birmingham.
Load Off My Mind—Crowd—Ambulance—"Hello, Daddy!"

E. SHAW, Bankside, Reddisher Road, Marsden, Huddersfield.
Something In The Air—"Look, Honey—The Moon!"

Mrs. M. THOMAS, 3, Cecil Street, Manselton, Swansea.
Lest We Forget—Cenotaph's Words—Geneva, Actions!

A list of 100 winners of Birthday Cakes with 10s. cash and 1,000 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 872 usually purchase "John Bull."

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 872.

MAP OF THE WORLD	SHARP REMINDER	GOOD MAN
LESSON FOR PARLIAMENT	THROWN AWAY	PROMISING START
BE CHARITABLE AND	SAFE HOME	AMATEUR PLUMBER
POOR MAN'S FAMILY	RULES	ACCEPTING DEFEAT
REGARDLESS OF EVERYTHING	BEYOND ME	THE MANAGERESS
GAIETY OF NATIONS	GOLDEN PROMISES	COLDLY
SPEAKING PLAINLY	EMPTY	DAMNING EVIDENCE
LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW	FATHER'S IDEA	NOT FORGOTTEN
STORE OF KNOWLEDGE	ANOTHER GAMBLE	KEEPS ME ALIVE
GREETING THE DAWN	AT THE WRONG END	WITH AN EFFORT
WHEN THE HOUR STRIKES		ANNOYING

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(872) Closing SAT., Nov. 19 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(872) Closing SAT., Nov. 19 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(872) Closing SAT., Nov. 19 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d. — Signed — Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(872) Closing SAT., Nov. 19 — P.O. No. — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed — Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 872, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, (Comp.)

"BULLETS' RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

CICFA

REMOVES THE CAUSE OF

INDIGESTION

IN BOTH STOMACH & BOWEL

BECAUSE CICFA SUPPLIES NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

The cause of Indigestion is always lack of Natural Digestive Ferments in both Stomach and Bowel.

When the Ferments are deficient in the Stomach, the Albuminous foods, like eggs, meat, etc., are not digested, the result being Acidity, Heartburn and feeling of fullness.

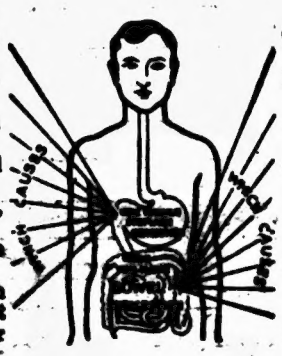
When the Ferments are deficient in the Bowel, the Starchy foods, like bread, beans, potatoes, bananas, etc., are not digested, with consequent Flatulence, Bilious symptoms and the misery of Constipation.

When CICFA is taken, digestion becomes normal in both Stomach and Bowel, with gradual disappearance of Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence and Constipation, because Cicfa supplies the Natural Digestive Ferments. That is why Cicfa removes the cause of Indigestion.

THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

- **GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.**
- **Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.**
- **ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.**
- **TONGUE coated white all over.**
- **COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.**
- **EATING disliked. Some Nausea.**
- **PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.**



IN THE BOWEL:

- **GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.**
- **Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.**
- **ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.**
- **TONGUE coated yellow at back.**
- **COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.**
- **EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.**
- **PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.**

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PRICE **1/3** and **3/-**, or post free, from

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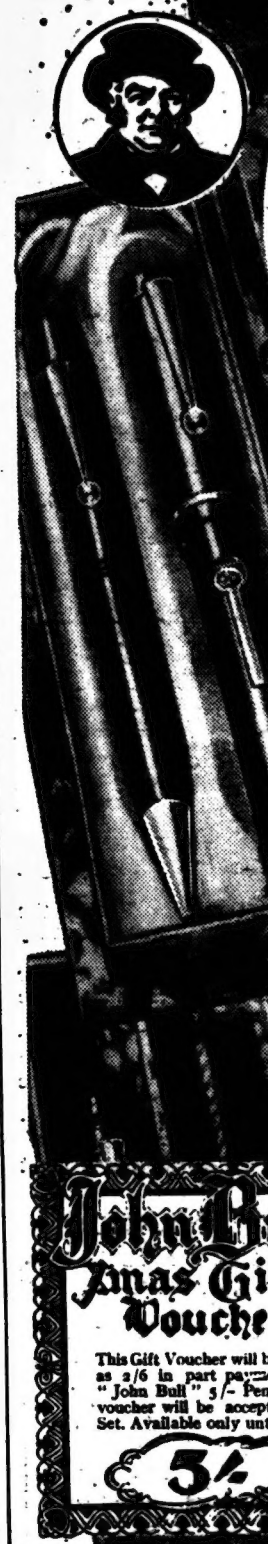
JOHN BULL 12/11/32

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You

Something new and Startling!



John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 5/-

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment for each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.

10/- for 5/-

Here it is! "John Bull's" astounding Christmas gift offer, eagerly awaited each year by tens of thousands!

Never has "John Bull" made an offer on a more lavish scale. On the one hand "John Bull" offers you a Gift Voucher, accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set superbly chased, with a nib of 14 carat solid gold, iridium tipped, and on the other hand a 5/- Gift Voucher accepted in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set de luxe—the last word in luxury—unbreakable, non-inflammable.

Which offer will you accept?

In either case you are assured of supreme value, superb workmanship and finish. What a gift for yourself! What a gift for a friend!

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 31, 1932.

5/- for 2/6

5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6

Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A 2-year written guarantee is sent with each pen, proof of its great reliability. The Everpointed Pencil to match is a perfect companion.

10/- WRITING SET OFFERED FOR 5/-

You will admire the graceful stream line, the superb finish greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band, inlaid and pocket clip. The pen is fitted with a heavy 14 carat solid gold tipped with costly iridium, and the up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold.

The Everpointed pencil to match has the same beautiful stream line and is complete with rubber, pocket clip and extra leads.

This Set is enclosed in a handsome Presentation Case beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. Both pen and pencil are unbreakable and a written 5 years' guarantee accompanies each set.

Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day

"John Bull's Xmas Gift Coupon."

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. J.1, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required). Cross Cheque/P.O. /& Co. and make payable to "John Bull." J. B. 12. 11. 32.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

£1,000 CASH Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition, No. 186.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following 11 competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £78 13s. 7d. will be sent:—

Miss E. Ryder, 10, West Street, Godmanchester, Hunts. Mrs. Churchyard, 21, Hazelwood Avenue, Kirk Sandal, Nr. Doncaster. A. Copeland, 19, Hilton Road, Swindon. Mrs. M. E. Evans, Kemberton, Shifnal, Salop. A. Poole 31, Dyonne Road, Elmerton, E.18. Mrs. G. Hollinshead, Church Blakehill, Middlewich, Ches. E. Holmes, 6, Spicemore Lane, Hollingwood, Chesterfield. K. Line, 10, Regent Road, Heremombe. F. Patrick, 18, Junction Road, Leyton, E.10. Mrs. Habenstreit, 68, Syndon Street, Blackburn. Mrs. J. E. Wernsop, 87, High Street, South Elmsall, Pontefract.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 22nd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 154 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive 13s. A List of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSS-WORD No. 184: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 16 entrants, and payments of £6 5s. 0d. are being despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid Crossword with a First 2-in-1 Prize of £6 - a Week for Life and £300 cash, with prizes for runners-up, also Big Xmas Bumper added to every winner's prize, appears on Page 41. Try Your Skill Now!

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